

OUTDOOR NUMBER

THE BATTLE-SHIP IOWA,
"THE QUEEN OF THE NAVY."

Vol. 8.

AUGUST.

No. 2.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

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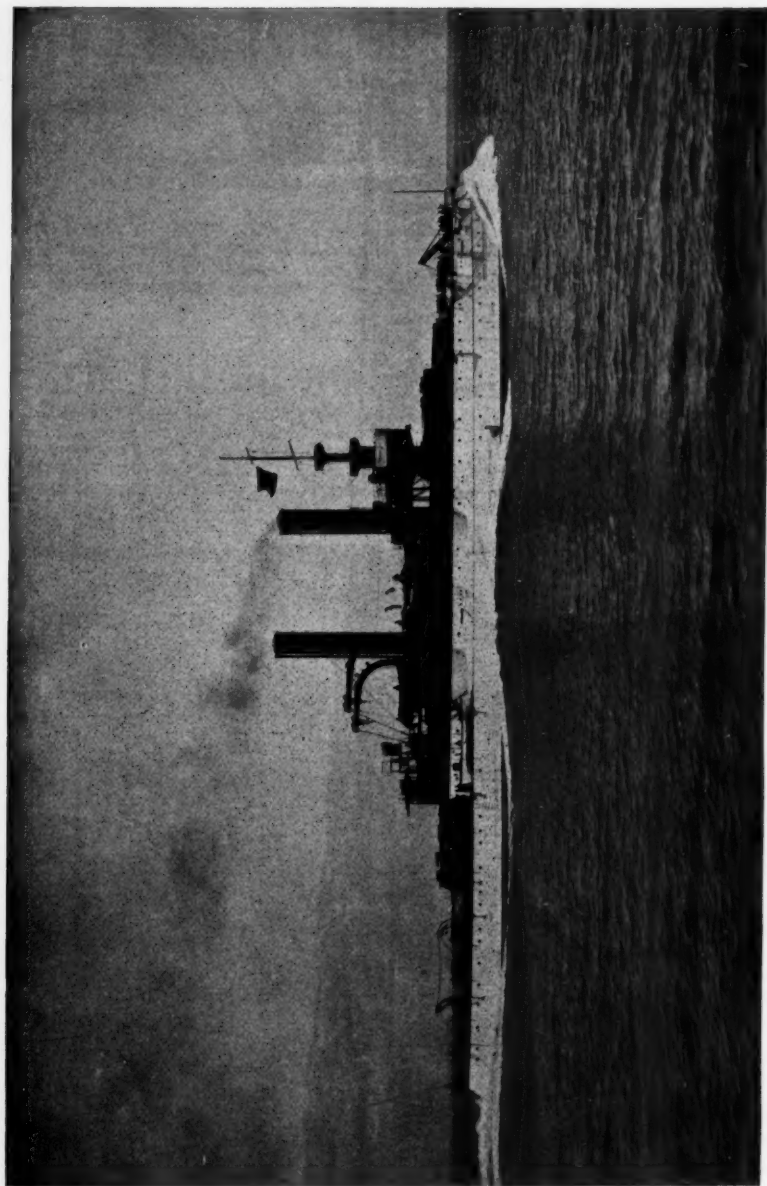
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U. S. S. IOWA
The start northward in her trial trip off Cape Ann.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME VIII.

AUGUST, 1897.

NUMBER 2.

THE QUEEN OF THE NAVY.

THE UNITED STATES WAR SHIP "IOWA."

BY MINNA IRVING.

With illustrations from photos taken and copyrighted by William H. Rau.

TWO ships loom large on the horizon of American history,—the clumsy caravel of Columbus slowly nosing its way westward, and the Mayflower, freighted with the embryo spirit of independence, and seeking a landing along a wintry and inhospitable coast. The Iowa, officially known as Sea-going Battleship Number 1, makes a third epoch in the maritime records of America, and is the latest and most important addition to the new navy.

The launching of a ship is a beautiful and impressive ceremony, especially when it is a great battleship, a leviathan of steel and iron and nickel that is wedded to the water. Old sailors say it is very unlucky for a ship to stick on the ways, that it portends all kinds of future disaster to the vessel; but no such mishap attended the Iowa.

March 28, 1897, was a perfect day, with bright sunshine, bracing air, a clear bluesky, and a light breeze—just enough to stir the flags and pen-

nons, but not to hint of the boisterous blasts of recent winter.

It was a holiday in Cramp's shipyard, and for once the clang of machinery was still, and you could hear the lapping of the waves against the docks and the sides of half-completed vessels.

A distinguished company witnessed the launch, Governor Drake, of Iowa, with a large and brilliant staff, and a formidable reinforcement of prominent Iowans, Vice-President Stevenson, Secretary Herbert, Senators Allison and Gear, of Iowa, Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, and many other prominent men of the nation.

The christening ceremony was performed by Miss Mary Lord Drake, the Governor's daughter. The only incident out of the ordinary was a petition presented to the Cramp Company by some Iowa Prohibitionists requesting

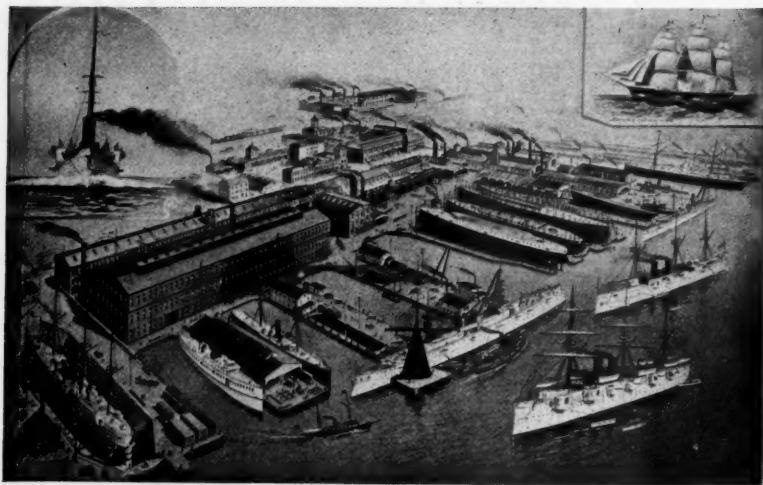
that a bottle of water be broken over the prow of the ship in place of the customary wine. The Cramps did not, of course,



"REPEL BOARDERS!"

*Inland readers may not all understand that "Repel boarders" is an order to draw cutlasses and repel the enemy, the order given when the enemy is about to board the ship. This spirited picture was taken expressly for Miss Irving, the naval cadet assuming the attitude which fits the command.—Ed.

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CRAMP'S SHIP YARD, PHILADELPHIA.
U. S. S. Indiana in the foreground.

see their way clear to adopt this suggestion, and Mr. Henry Cramp very gracefully and effectually settled the question by saying that "it was preferable to spill the wine on the steel prow of the ship, because it left one less bottle to drink."

So the Iowa slid majestically down the ways in the time-honored fashion, and old ocean received her in his arms with a loud murmur of delight. No braver or stancher vessel has ever been given to the waves since the early fifties, when the famous clipper, *Morning Light*, spread her white sails in that same old shipyard.

Sailors are inclined to be superstitious, and even an intelligent body of tars like the United States Navy watch a new vessel eagerly for signs indicating that the "powers that sit up aloft" have singled out a ship for good or ill luck. For instance Jack has decided that the Texas is "hoodooed" and to that mysterious influence ascribes the series of accidents that have befallen her. He cannot clearly assign any reason why she is hoodooed, any more than he can explain why he considers a clergyman

aboard ship the unluckiest thing that can happen to a vessel—unless it be two clergymen.

But seafaring men say that the Iowa is a lucky ship, and will sail safely over reefs and sand-bars, and ride great storms with little damage to her mighty hulk and complex machinery.

To inland people who have never seen a great ship launched, it may be interesting to learn that the hull is bare of masts when the ceremony is performed, and is adorned only with fluttering bunting, and that the ways are greased with tallow for modern battle-ships, as they were for old-time oak vessels. The masts, steering-gear, etc., are added after the ship is afloat.

The keel of the Iowa was laid at Cramp's shipyard in 1893; she was launched March 28, 1896, and completed the official contract trial April 7, 1897, running twice over the thirty-three mile course off the coast of New England. On this trip she earned for her builders \$200,000, by making an average of 17 knots an hour in the four hours' speed trial required by the government. The first run was to the northward, and was

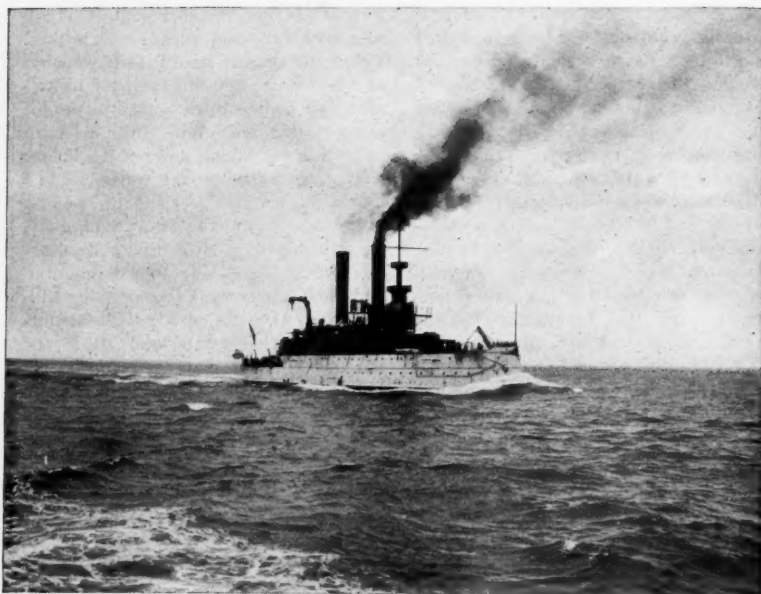
made in 1 hour, 57 minutes and 21 seconds; the second run, southward, was made in 1 hour, 55 minutes, 36 seconds. Corrected for tide, the total distance steamed through the water was 66.34 knots, which gives a true mean speed of 17.087 knots. Mean displacement on trial, 115,358 tons; total horse-power developed, about 12,000.

The Iowa was designed by Naval Constructor J. J. Woodward. She is somewhat larger than the three coast-line battleships which preceded her, as will be seen by comparing the coal capacities of the two types, the Indiana carrying 1,800 and her sister-ship the Massachusetts 1,620, while the Iowa's total coal capacity is 1,975 tons. Her normal supply is 625 tons. Her length on the load water-line (normal displacement) is 360 feet; breadth at water-line, 72 feet; mean draft at normal displacement, 24

feet; while her displacement is 11,296 tons, with full coal supply 12,500 tons. The armor protection of the ship consists of a water-line belt of Harveyed nickel-steel, 14 inches thick on 12 inches of wood backing, extending over a length of 186 feet amidships, and 7 feet 4 inches wide, tapering below the water-line to 6 inches thick at its lower edge. The end of this belt is joined by athwartship belts of 12-inch nickel-steel, worked diagonally from each side to a segment of a circle in the center corresponding with the radius of the superimposed redoubts or barbettes. Forward and aft of the diagonal belts, submerged protective belts extend to the ends. At each end of the armored citadel thus formed rises a circular barbette of 15-inch armor, the after barbette being 8 feet 9 inches high, and the forward one, 16 feet high.



CHARLES H. CRAMP.
The great builder of battleships.



U. S. S. IOWA'S TRIAL TRIP
On the 33-mile course off Cape Ann—The second run southward.

These barbettes support the main revolving turrets and protect the loading and turning gear. The main turrets are armored with 14-inch plates, and have an inside height of 10 feet 6 inches from the tops of the gun supports to the under side of the covering plates. Above the water-line belt is worked, for 100 feet amidships, a casemate of 4-inch armor with diagonal ends joining the main barbettes on either side, and forming an upper citadel, from each of the four corners of which rises a barbette of 8-inch armor, surmounted by a revolving turret 5½ inches. The armored conning-tower is 7½ inches thick, 8 feet inside diameter, and 7 feet 4 inches high in the clear.

The main battery consists of four 12-inch B. L. R. (breech loading rifle) guns, mounted in pairs in the two main turrets; eight 8-inch B. L. R., mounted in pairs in the four turrets at the corners of the casemate; six 4-inch B. L. R., mounted

in sponsons or with shields, and twenty-two rapid-fire and machine guns. The axes of the forward pair of 12-inch, and all of the 8-inch guns are 26 feet, and of the after pair of 12-inch guns 18 feet above the load water-line; so that, with the stability due to her great beam, she can fight her whole battery in any weather.

An armored communication-tube 7 inches thick is carried from the conning-tower to the armor-deck, and affords protection to voice-tubes, bell-wires, etc.

The electric lighting plant consists of 4 sets, each set having dynamo, engine and combination bed-plant; the total weight of the whole, including all fittings, wiring, and stores, and four search-lights, is about 45 tons.

The Iowa is propelled by two vertical triple-expansion main engines, two screw propellers, five boilers, and twelve furnaces. The design of the Iowa is an enlargement upon the Indiana in length,

beam and deck arrangement, but the disposition of the battery is much the same, and though the Iowa is of course the larger of the two, her armor and armament are both lighter than those of the Indiana. These differences are based upon the fact that while the Indiana is intended as a fighting ship with every other quality or more

for even when compared with H. M. S. Royal Sovereign, the largest war ship ever constructed, the Iowa comes off with flying colors.

The trial-trip of the Royal Sovereign took place off Spithead, England, April 19, 1892, a year before the Iowa's armored keel was laid. The Sovereign was de-



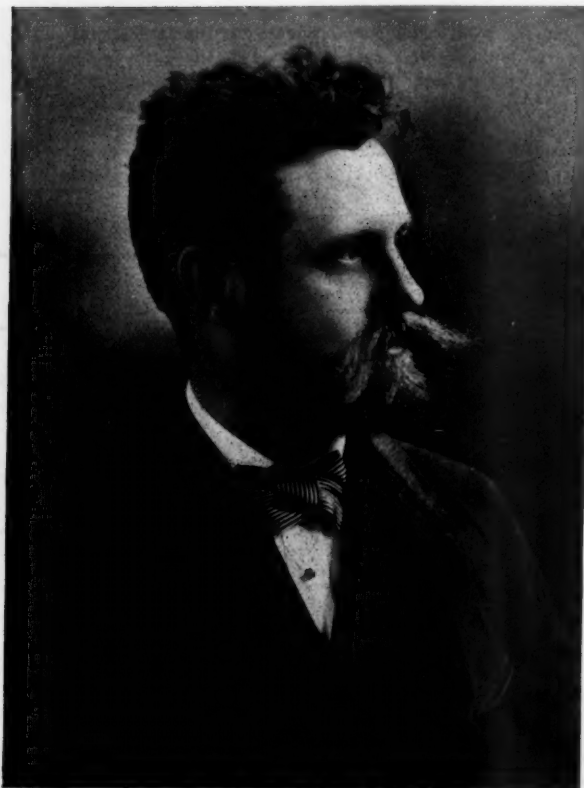
CAPTAIN SAMPSON, U. S. N.,
Commander of the Battleship, Iowa.

less subordinated to the ability to give and take hard and heavy blows, the Iowa is designed to combine with the latter quality all the attributes of a staunch sea-going cruiser.

The forward turret in the Iowa stands 9 feet higher than that on the Indiana, to enable the guns of that turret to fire over the upper deck.

The State of Iowa has every reason to be proud of its magnificent namesake,

signed by W. H. White, C. B., and built at Portsmouth. Her length is 380 feet; breadth, 75 feet, and displacement, 14,150 tons. Her mean collective indicated horse-power is 13,312. But on the fourth hour of her full trial trip (which took place three days later), though the weather was fine, the tube ends began to leak, and the voyage was abruptly terminated. *Engineering* for April 29, 1892, was inclined to apologize for the behavior of



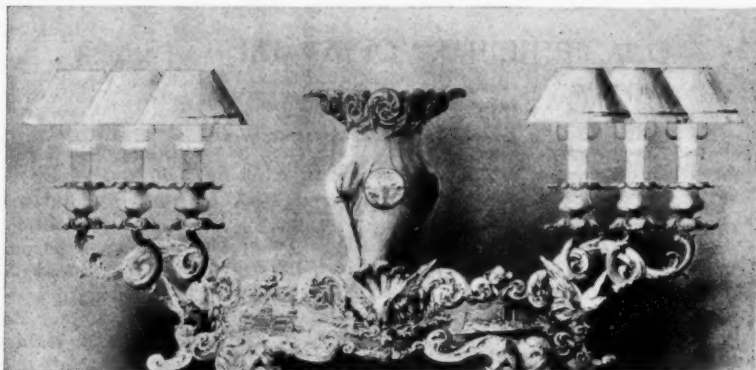
WILLIAM H. RAU, ARTIST.

the Sovereign, and said: "In the old days before the Evil One invented forced draft, the contractors might have gone home happy, and Admiralty officials slept that night in peace."

Under forced draft the Iowa's speed is 18.1 knots, and 16.77 under ordinary pressure. The full war complement of the Iowa is 512 officers, seamen and marines—less than the cruiser Brooklyn, which carries 566, and can easily berth 1,000 men.

Considerable interest has been felt in naval circles over the torpedo arrangements of the Iowa, and naval authorities have differed widely on this point. The *Journal of the Society of American Na-*

val Engineers for 1892 states, on page 813, that "there will be seven torpedo tubes, and provision for resisting torpedo attack will take the form of steel ring nets carried by swinging booms." I am glad to be able to say that I have consulted Mr. Henry Cramp on this subject, and can definitely settle the vexed question by quoting his own words: "The Iowa is not provided with torpedo netting. In fact that device may be considered obsolete; experience in foreign navies having demonstrated that its possible utility is more than counterbalanced by its weight, unwieldiness, and bad effect on the speed and maneuvering power of the ship when spread under way. She has four torpedo tubes, two on each broadside; the after pair being just abaft the engine-room hatchway, and the forward pair just forward of the fore smoke-stack. There is a torpedo tube port in the bow, but it is not and probably never will be used, the experience of torpedo practice in earlier vessels having shown that when the ship is moving at any considerable speed the torpedo on being ejected from the bow port is likely to tumble and be overrun, which in action with the torpedo charged would produce more danger to the ship itself than to the enemy."



CENTER-PIECE OF THE SILVER DINNER SERVICE PRESENTED BY THE STATE OF IOWA TO THE U. S. BATTLE SHIP, IOWA.*

The Iowa, which at present writing is expected to go into commission within a month, will be commanded by Captain Sampson, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington. In the days of Admiral Farragut, and of the immortal Lawrence, it was to personal bravery that a naval officer must look for promotion, but in these "piping times of peace" it is brain that wins the laurel. People at Annapolis, where Captain Sampson was for many years Superintendent of the Naval Academy, remember the Captain as a student, a grave and thoughtful man, the type you would instinctively trust in time of danger, clear-headed and cool, foreseeing emergencies and fully prepared to meet them. Lieutenant-Commander Raymond P. Rogers will be his Executive. Lieutenant-Commander Rogers was Chief of the Intelligence Office at the Naval Department from 1885 to 1889, and navigator of the Chicago from that year until 1892, when he became naval attaché at the Embassy in Paris and St. Petersburg, from which post he has recently been ordered home to duty on the new

battleship. He is a son of the late Admiral C. R. Rogers.

Mr. C. W. Rae will be Chief Engineer, and Lieutenant H. M. Witzel senior officer of the watch.

A word here may not be amiss about a very important member of the party accompanying the Queen of the Navy on her trial trip last April, Mr. William H. Rau, of Philadelphia, who has accompanied and photographed all the ships ever built by the Cramps, on their trial trips, with the single exception of the Yorktown. Mr. Rau was a member of the Transit of Venus expedition, on the old U. S. S. Swatara, and was necessarily sworn in as an officer of the navy at the time. He was also a member of a private expedition which went up the Nile to the second cataract, and afterward crossed the Arabian desert to Mt. Sinai, and the rock-cut City of Petra. On this desert journey Mr. Rau photographed places never before taken, and carried nearly a ton of glass plates. This was the first expedition to depend absolutely on the modern gelatine dry plate.

*The Iowa Legislature, as a mark of appreciation of the honor conferred upon the State by the Government, appropriated \$5,000 to be expended by the Executive Council in a silver service to be presented the battle-ship Iowa. The award was given James E. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia. The service was formally presented on shipboard at Philadelphia, July 19, 1897, Governor Drake and other members of the executive council and Iowa's senators and representatives present in person. The service consists of forty-one pieces, the total weight of which is 1,970 ounces. The heaviest piece, the center-piece pictured above, weighs 400 ounces. It is arranged for lights, fruits and flowers. It is decorated with the seal of the State

of Iowa—also with wild roses, the flower of the state, and with corn, the state's chief product. Four large eagles in high relief surmount the sides, and in the panels are etched scenes representing the battleship itself, the Capitol at Des Moines, and incidents in Iowa history. The dolphin feet upon which it rests, with the decoration of seaweed and shells, are symbolical of the sea. The forty other pieces are: punch-bowl with ladle and platter, soup tureen with ladle, fish platter and fish servers, meat platter, double and single vegetable dishes, compotes, entrée dishes, bread trays, water pitcher, gravy bowls, salad bowl, butter dishes, bon bon and olive dishes, salver, coffee pots, sugar bowls and cream pitchers.—Ed.

THE HARP OF ISRAFEL.

*UPON the new moon's curving bar
A seraph leaned, the earth to view
At fall of night, and thus beheld
Sweet Mary walking in the dew.
Such wondrous grace was on her face,
Such beauty from a sinless soul—
"Lo! there," he said, "I see a maid
Whose head should wear the aureole."*

*Between the stars his voice came down
And called and called her soul away;
She heard its music, silver-clear,
But love of kindred bade her stay.
"The lights of home are bright and warm;
The stars," she said, "far off and cold."
Then came the Angel, Israfel,
And wooed her with his harp of gold.*

*"Above the wailing of the wind,
Above the sobbing of the rain,
Above the purple night," he sang,
"The purple night with all its pain,
There lies the City of the Blest.
Within its open portals, see,
White lilies, and a crown of pearls,
And youth immortal wait for thee."*

*Through azure deeps of crystal air,
By comets in their fiery flight,
And worlds for ages dead and dark,*

*The harp receded up the night.
She put her silken garments off,
She left the dreaming hill and dell,
And all the kin that held her dear,
To be the bride of Israfel.*



MISS MINNA IRVING, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Minna Irving.

FOUR FAMOUS IOWA GIRLS IN CHICAGO.

BY ETHEL MAUDE COLSON.

THE colloquial title, "an Iowa girl," has grown to mean much to the thoughtful resident of Chicago; it has become identified of late with no small amount of good and noteworthy work. During the past few years, the State of Iowa has contributed a large number of brilliant young women to the artistic circles of Chicago. Especially is this true in the line of musical work. A survey of the women musicians of Chicago brings to light the fact that over a third of those who have made enviable names for themselves, originally hailed from Iowa. Sara Herschell Eddy, the noted vocalist and teacher, wife of Clarence Eddy, the famous organist, was born and educated in Iowa; and so was Rose Ettinger, the popular singer, now in Paris; also Kate Funk, who, before her marriage with Jacobson, the well known violinist, earned wide distinction by her own clever handling of the bow and strings. Many other distinguished names might be quoted in this connection. Of the four bright Iowa girls who are at present winning fame in

Chicago two are musicians by profession and affinity, the third is manager of the Chicago orchestra, and the fourth, a journalist, possesses a strong interest in all things pertaining to or suggestive of harmony.

The last named is the latest acquisition

to the "Iowa colony," which is fast winning respectful recognition as a factor in the intellectual life and growth of Chicago. But little more than a year ago Miss Eleanor, — or, to use the child-name by which she first attracted public attention in her native state, "Nell" — Gilliland, came to Chicago in search of the larger newspaper work for which she had always longed. Within ten days she was hard at work on the *Chicago Tribune*, and in the short period of time since her intro-



MISS ELEANOR GILLILAND.

duction to the staff of a metropolitan newspaper, not only has she been remarkably successful, but she has also attained wide popularity and more than local fame. Prior to her advent in Chicago, Miss Gilliland had done some notable service on the daily paper of her birthplace, the *Jefferson Bee*, and had also contributed to the

larger journals of her State. She was also, for a time, in charge of the *Eldora Herald*, leaving that position to come to Chicago. So great is the versatility of this clever girl that while still attending high school,—from which institution she was graduated before her fifteenth birthday,—she at one time composed fourteen of the required essays of her class, treating a single subject in as many different ways, and so skillfully as to escape detection. This same quality of adaptability gives to her present work the effervescent sparkle which constitutes its peculiar charm. After leaving high school, Miss Gilliland entered Iowa Agricultural College, but was prevented from completing her course by a delicate physique, and the nervousness consequent upon successfully doing the work of two school years in one year. She merrily says that her brain was not strong enough to master mathematics. The personal appearance of this bright little girl-woman is delightful. She is said to be one of the most attractive women in Chicago, her manners being as charming as her physical characteristics. She is essentially feminine in all her tastes, passionately loving all things pretty. The artistic, and especially the musical, world of Chicago has great attractions for her. She also delights in all healthful outdoor amusements. Her favorite recreation is wheeling. Miss Gilliland is considered one of the brightest stars in the Iowa-Chicago constellation.

Another Iowa girl whose success in Chicago has been as rapid as remarkable, is Miss Lucille Stevenson, the soprano singer. Three years ago this charming girl, only twenty-three at the present

time, left her home in Des Moines to study vocal music in Chicago. She reached the city in April, and in the following October she was appointed to the position of soprano soloist in the New England Congregational Church. Another year saw her installed at the choir-desk of the Memorial Baptist Church. Twelve months later she began to sing in the Presbyterian Church at Hyde Park, and she has recently been engaged by the Plymouth Congregational church, thus holding, in unbroken succession, four of the best and most coveted positions in the music life of Chicago. Besides teaching regularly, she has done much concert work, associated with the finest soloists and best musical organizations of the city, and the reputation she has made so speedily and with such apparent ease has far outspread the limits of Chicago.

Miss Stevenson, too, is remarkably attractive, with a winning personality which has secured for her hosts of friends. Before coming to Chicago, she had sung in the First Presbyterian Church of Des Moines, and had won decided recognition and encouragement from the musicians of that city. The members of the "Iowa colony" in Chicago have good reason for the pride and delight with which they view Miss Stevenson's exceptional success.

Miss Anna Miller, the third member of this Iowa quartet, was born in Muscatine. She left that city seven years ago, to attend the University at Evanston. After spending several years in general work at that institution, she took up the study of music in Chicago, and labored hard with three instruments, the organ, the piano and the violin. She also interested her-



MISS LUCILLE STEVENSON.

self in voice-culture. Becoming acquainted with Miss Electa Gifford, the singer, while planning a *début* concert for that lady, she attracted the attention of the trustees of the Chicago Orchestral Association, and was requested to take charge of the season tickets for a time. So well did she handle this responsibility that the position of manager of the orchestra was pressed upon her, and for several years she has transacted all the business of this colossal organization, making its engagements, securing its soloists, looking after the necessary press and advertisement work, with the aid of her assistants and secretary paying all its financial obligations, and bearing the entire burden of its success upon her womanly shoulders. While carrying on this work with the firm grasp and clear business comprehension of a trained business man, and delighting in nothing so much as in study and severe intellectual labor, Miss Miller is as far removed from the so-called "strong-minded" woman as it is possible for a girl to be, and especially dislikes anything which suggests mannish women. Horses and dogs she loves devotedly, herself owning a pair of fine trotters and a beautiful saddle horse. These and her bicycle all come in for a large share of her affections. She is devoted to children and is ardently fond of flowers. She is an enthusiastic traveler, and will this year visit Europe to personally secure several continental soloists for the next orchestra season. She still calls the Muscatine farm her home, and pays her father and sisters frequent, though flying, visits. In person, this brilliant Iowa girl, who combines with unusual business abilities the graceful tact



MISS ANNA MILLER.

which has made success possible under the trying exactions and manifold cares of her position, is strikingly handsome and yet her manners are simple, direct and unassuming as those of a child. Her figure is tall, athletic and finely molded. She has a peculiarly mobile face. Her mouth is singularly fine and expressive, and her eyes are large, clear and steady. Looking at Miss Miller, one feels instinctively that she was born to direct and organize, and her quiet, but warm and decided, hand-clasp suggests the secret of her strong hold upon her many friends.

Miss Julia Officer, the well known pianist, is another Iowa musician who has won a speedy and delightful success in Chicago. Besides working enthusiastically with her private pupils, she finds time for much praiseworthy concert and parlor work, and also manages the affairs of the North Side Musical Club of Chicago, of which organization she is both President and Musical Director. She is

also a member of the Amateur Musical Club, and of the famous Apollo Club, both formed, to a great degree, of the representative musicians of Chicago. With all these varied evidences of her success, it is scarcely seven years since Miss Officer first visited the city of her adoption. Previous to that time she had studied instrumental music in her native town, Council Bluffs, Iowa, and also in Boston, Massachusetts, in which city she studied with Carlyle Petersilea, the renowned pianist and teacher. After a

short period of work in Council Bluffs, where she played the organ at the First Presbyterian Church, she came to Chicago to pursue her studies under the direction of Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. In 1891 she decided to remain in Chicago, returning to Council Bluffs only for her annual vacation. Since that time her



MISS JULIA OFFICER.

work has been entirely identified with the Garden City, save the occasional concert trips which she undertakes from time to time. She is planning for a European trip in the near future. Miss Officer's personality is at once unusual and attractive and her speech and action are charmingly unaffected. Her success has always been a surprise to herself, dearly as she loves her work, and great as is her enthusiasm regarding it. Her face, quiet and strong in repose, lights up beautifully when she speaks of, or listens to,

the music which is so necessary to her life, and the intense sympathy which is the key to her nature shows forth in every word and gesture. Iowa people in Chicago are proud of the work and influence of this charming compatriot. Like the other brilliant women mentioned here, she has added glory to both her native State and her adopted city.

SUMMER AFTERNOON.

THE WINDS their weary wings have folded now;
The sinking sun his chariot seems to stay;
A spell somnific sits on Nature's brow,
This soft and still and sultry summer day.

Azalea.

GENERAL LYON AND THE FIGHT FOR MISSOURI.

BY CAPT. J. S. CLARK.

THE State of Missouri at the time of Lincoln's first election, was a border slave state, bounded on three sides by free commonwealths. The government of Missouri was in the hands of pronounced secessionists. Governor Claiborne Fox Jackson was an astute and powerful political leader of his party. Lieutenant-Governor Thomas C. Reynolds was a zealous and able assistant. The Missouri legislature met December 31, 1860, and, dominated by these leaders, passed laws placing the police power in St. Louis in the hands of the Governor, and provided for a convention which was expected to take the State out of the Union.

Thus it was that in the early days of 1861, when slave states were rivaling each other in their zeal to enter the Southern Confederacy, Missouri was seeking to achieve distinction in that direction.

Governor Jackson was a rebel from the start. He was backed by all the official machinery of the State. Jefferson Davis and his counsellors were coöperating. Confederate troops were enlisted, camps were established, artillery was shipped from New Orleans, and small arms and ammunition from the government arsenal at Baton Rouge. St. Louis, an old, rich, slaveholding community, gave its powerful influence to these early secession measures.

At this period, the military department of the West, embracing all the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, north of Texas and New Mexico, except Utah, was under the command of Brigadier-General W. S. Harney, with headquarters at St. Louis. Harney was a Southerner by birth, and associated by ties of blood and friendship with the Southerners. While he was loyal and brave, he was deceived and lured into inactivity by the craft and

fair professions of his secession friends, who were planning to capture the St. Louis Arsenal and get control of the government property. The loyal people saw the peril of the situation and their helplessness, and appealed to the Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, to replace Harney with a commander who would fully grasp the situation.

Forty-three years before the period referred to, on a fine day in July (July 14, 1819) was born in the village of Ashford, Connecticut, near the grave of General Putnam, a very small red-haired boy, whose mission in life was to meet these conditions in Missouri.

Nathaniel Lyon graduated from the Military School at West Point in the class of 1841. In that class were Buell, Longstreet, Grant, Steele, Buckner, Hardie and Hancock, and Lyon took rank above all these in college honors. He entered the army at once and pursued the vocation of the soldier with an ardor and devotion peculiar to his nature. He took part in all the active operations of the Federal arms from 1841 until his death. He won a brevet at Cherubusco, and was wounded in the assault on the City of Mexico.

Nathaniel Lyon came of an iron race; he was a descendant from Thomas Lyon, Eighth Lord Glamis, of Scotland, in the Sixteenth Century, and was grand nephew of Thomas Knowlton, who commanded the American right wing at the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was a deep thinker and a profound student of the foundation principles and growth of our government. He published, in 1860, a series of articles masterful and clear in their analysis of the powers and duties of the United States in the face of threatened rebellion. As a soldier, he was alert, vigilant and untiring; without wife or family, he gave his affections to his



From an old photo owned by Captain Clark.
GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.

country, and took her for his bride. As an evidence of this great love, it is only necessary to state that he bequeathed his fortune, \$30,000, to be used by the Government in putting down the Rebellion,—the only instance of the kind within the knowledge of the writer.

He was a man of keen intellect, and a close observer of current events,—one of the few who believed the Civil War was coming, and who *wanted* it to come. He hated slavery, and the doctrine of disunion, and his intense nature led him to hate, personally, those who advocated these fallacies. He had abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of freedom, and free government. To him, that cause was the holiest for which man ever engaged in battle. The government, on whose side he was arrayed, was the work of the good men of all ages. It had grown out of the blood of martyrs, the fires of persecution, and the courage and valor of nearer ancestry. To him this Union was "The Ark of the

Covenant." He was therefore ready for the struggle and impatient of the delay of the government in meeting the strong combinations so rapidly made in Missouri and elsewhere. It was well for Charleston that Fort Sumter was not commanded by Nathaniel Lyon. General Sherman said, "Lyon was the first man in this country that seized the whole question and took the initiative, and determined to strike a blow and not wait for the blow to be struck." Had he lived, he would have been the Stonewall Jackson of the Union Army.

When Lincoln was first inaugurated, Lyon said, "If Mr. Lincoln does one tithe of his duty, as he promised, we must have hostilities with the South. I do not see how war is to be avoided. Under quack management, it may be long and bloody, yet I have no apprehensions about the final triumph of Almighty Truth, though at the cost of many unnecessary sacrifices. But let them come; I would rather see the country lighted up with flames from its center to its remotest borders, than that the great rights and hopes of the human race should expire before the arrogance of secessionists



J. S. CLARK,
Private Co. F, First Iowa, in the Uniform of the
Mt. Pleasant Greys.

Of this, however, there is no danger. They are at war with nature and the human heart."

In April, 1861, he was a captain of Company B, Second U. S. Infantry, in command of the arsenal at St. Louis, with a little handful of men. General Sherman speaks of visiting Captain Lyon at the arsenal about this time, and characterizes him as "a man of vehement purposes and determined action." Captain Lyon thus found himself at the beginning of the great struggle in a critical situation; surrounded by powerful adverse combinations, and an onward sweep of secession sentiment and influence almost irresistible. He was entirely alone with this responsibility. It is true that Frank P. Blair, James O. Broadhead, O. D. Filley and some other Unionists, perceiving that Lyon was the man for the emergency, backed him with their political influence. Yet there was no one to consult in his duties as a soldier and commander; no one to advise or to direct.

Without hesitation or delay he took the aggressive, and at once began a series of movements and strategic military operations, so rapid and daring as to bewilder and almost paralyze the enemy. He captured Camp Jackson so quickly that General Frost, a West Point graduate in command, hardly knew what had happened, and in his humiliation and embarrassment, published a long protest against such rude treatment. Lyon did not give him an opportunity to fire his big guns just received from New Orleans.

General Sherman in his Memoirs, gives the following incident of this day. He



GEN. C. L. MATTHIES,
Captain Co. D, First Iowa.

was living in St. Louis with his family at the time, not yet having entered the service. He says: "Miss Eliza Dean, who lived opposite us, called me across the street, told me her brother-in-law, Dr. Scott, was a surgeon in Frost's camp, and she was dreadfully afraid he would be killed. I reasoned with her that General Lyon was a regular officer; that if he had gone out as reported, to Camp Jackson, he would take with him such a force as would make resistance impossible; but she would not be comforted, saying that the camp was made up of the young men from the first families of St. Louis; that they were *proud* and would *fight*. I explained that young men of the best families did not like to be killed any better than ordinary people. Edging gradually up street, I was in Olive Street near Twelfth,

when I saw a man running from the direction of Camp Jackson, at full speed, calling as he went, 'They've surrendered, they've surrendered.' So I turned back and rang the bell at Mrs. Dean's. Eliza came to the door and I explained what I had heard, but she angrily slammed the door in my face. Evidently she was disappointed to find she was mistaken in her estimate of the rash courage of the *best families*." This was Friday, May 10th, memorable as being the day on which the first blow was struck by loyalty against the gigantic front of unjustifiable rebellion.

It is a noteworthy fact that both Grant and Sherman, unknown to each other, were in St. Louis as civilians the day Camp Jackson was taken and both give incidents of the day in their Memoirs.



CAPT. J. S. CLARK.

Grant says: "There was a considerable force of State Militia at Camp Jackson. There can be but little doubt that it was the design of Governor Jackson to have these troops ready to seize the U. S. Arsenal and the City of St. Louis. Why they did not do so I do not know. There was but a small garrison, two companies I think, under Capt. N. Lyon, at the Arsenal. Camp Jackson surrendered

without a fight, and the garrison was marched down to the Arsenal as prisoners of war. Up to this time the enemies of the Government in St. Louis had been bold and defiant, while the Union men were quiet but determined. The enemies had their headquarters in a central and public position (in the Berthold mansion) on Pine Street near Fifth, from which the Rebel flag was flaunted boldly. The Union men did not dare to show their flag. As soon as the news of the capture of Camp Jackson reached the city, the condition of things changed. The secessionists became quiet, but filled with suppressed rage. The Union men ordered the Rebel flag taken down from the building on Pine Street. The command was given in tones of authority, and it was taken down, *never to be raised again in St. Louis*. I witnessed the scene."

The capture of Camp Jackson caused excitement and consternation throughout the State, and Jefferson City, where the Legislature was in session, was a pandemonium. The Legislature adjourned without ceremony, members not taking time to draw their salaries, and the State officials dispersed never to meet again.

Having captured the organized forces in St. Louis, with all their arms and ammunition, Lyon turned his attention to the interior and remote regions of Missouri. The most urgent dispatch was necessary in view of the fact that Governor Jackson on the 12th of June, issued a proclamation calling for 50,000 men to war upon the United States, and forces were rapidly assembling and being drilled and equipped to fill this call.

I give here an event that occurred about this time, and one that will throw much light on the character of our hero. Harney had just been removed the second time, and Lyon placed in command. Jackson and Price, knowing a more vigorous policy would be pursued, sought an interview with Lyon, hoping to hoodwink him as they did Harney, (who had agreed to let them alone,) or, failing in that, at least to ascertain his plans. It is

this meeting that is referred to in the following incident:

A well known man in New York is Col. Thomas L. Snead, a native of Richmond, Va., who was a member of the Confederate Congress, and at the same time a colonel in the field. Colonel Snead was on Price's staff at Wilson's Creek, and knew the great leaders of both sides of the war. A gentleman recently said to him, "Whom do you regard as the greatest man you ever saw in all that war period?"

"Captain Nathaniel Lyon" said Snead. "He was the greatest man I ever saw in my life. I met him on three occasions, at the conference between the Missouri State authorities and himself; on the battle-field of Wilson's Creek, and when I laid him in the grave. All these happened in the space of about three months. I buried him by instructions from General Price, and I said to myself when I put him in the ground, 'that is the greatest enthusiast I ever saw and the greatest man.'"

Mr. Snead was asked for an estimate of Lyon's character. He said: "The impression he made on me was derived from being present at the Planters' House, St. Louis, when Lyon, Frank Blair, and Lyon's officer, Conant, met by appointment with Governor Jackson, General Sterling Price, and myself. I am the only survivor and living witness of that scene in June, 1861. Lyon was a little red-headed Captain of Infantry, stiff, precise, unbending. General Price was an old and high officer of the Mexican War, had been Governor of the State, and was one of the best politicians we had. 'Claib' Jackson was one of the best politicians in the country. Frank Blair, though rather narrower in qualities than these, was a very expert manipulator of men. Price had been a Union man in the Constitutional Convention, but after the capture of Camp Jackson, went the other way and joined the Governor at Jefferson City. Rising in a stiff, stern way, Lyon said, 'Governor, Mr. Blair on this occasion will represent my government, whose confidence he pos-

sesses in an eminent degree, and of whose intentions he is informed.' Frank Blair then stood in to urge the Union cause, but before he had gone any considerable distance, Lyon seeing that he was playing the politician and not the man, interfered. He took the conversation up, and I never in my life saw such an exhibition of pluck, honesty, coolness and statesmanship. Those old politicians were turned about and confounded; he never lost his temper, and was grave and cold as death. The others wanted no invasion of Missouri by the Union troops, and a sort of neutrality. At the last, rising stiffly, Lyon said, 'Before I will consent, sir, that my Government shall agree not to march into your State, fight in your State, and be in every respect the government in your State, I will see you, sir.'—he put his forefinger against Jackson's breast, 'and you'—touching old General Price, 'and you,'—to Blair,—'and you,' 'and you,' turning to myself and Conant, 'or myself,' said he, without a particle of bravado, but with a measured coolness and honesty, which carried the deadliest meaning,—'I will see you all under the sod. This means war, Governor Jackson.'

"He then took his watch out of his pocket, and said, 'You will be allowed time to eat your dinner, which I have ordered for you. There will be a carriage at this door of the hotel to take you to the train. You will be allowed time to eat your dinner and reach the train.' Without bowing himself out, he left the room, his spurs ringing on the floor, and if we had not hastened out of town and burned the bridges behind us, he would have caught us that night. He was right after us, raced us out of Jefferson City, kept to us till he saw he was overpowered, and then he died like a man."

Lyon sent a part of his small army, the regiments of Sigel, Salamon, and B. Gratz Brown, to the Southwest to meet forces under McCulloch and Price, who were approaching in that quarter with troops from Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. He proceeded with those under his immediate command, to Jefferson

City, where Governor Jackson was collecting troops. With Camp Jackson fresh in mind, and knowing the man who was after them, this new encampment was abandoned at Lyon's approach, and its forces moved farther up the river, and joined the troops under Marmaduke in a strong position at Booneville. Leaving a small force at Jefferson City to hold the Capital, Lyon pushed on with the remainder to Booneville, where after a sharp fight, he routed Marmaduke and Jackson, and dispersed a large demoralized army of Rebels. It was at Booneville, June 22d, the First Iowa joined Lyon's forces. Lyon was at once struck with the rapid marching and endurance of the Iowa boys in grey uniforms, and gave them the name of "The Iowa Greyhounds."

Insignificant as these operations seem, they were the consummation of a well conceived campaign. The capture of Camp Jackson had disarmed the State, and compelled the loyalty of St. Louis and all the adjacent counties. The advance upon Jefferson City had put the State government to flight, and taken away from it that prestige which gives force to established authority.

Lyon next moved rapidly to the south, and July 13th made a junction of his scattered forces at Springfield, Missouri. He had divulged to the Safety Committee in St. Louis, before he left, his plan for making Springfield the outpost of St. Louis in case of imminent peril from Rebels in the State.

He had at this time, all told, 5,868 troops, classified and brigaded as follows:

FIRST BRIGADE—MAJOR STURGIS.	
Four companies U. S. Cavalry.....	250
Four companies First U. S. Infantry (Plummer's).....	350
Two companies 2d Mo. Volunteers.....	200
One company U. S. Artillery (Capt. Totten's battery).....	84
	884
SECOND BRIGADE—SIGEL.	
Third Missouri Volunteers.....	700
Fifth Missouri Volunteers.....	600
Second Artillery (Battery).....	120
	1,420
THIRD BRIGADE—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREWS.	
First Missouri Volunteers.....	900
Four companies U. S. Inf. (Regulars).....	300
One battery Artillery.....	64
	1,264

FOURTH BRIGADE—DEITZLER.

Two Kansas Regiments.....	1,400
First Iowa Regiment (Col. Bates).....	900
	2,300
Grand total.....	5,868

Many of these were sick and unfit for duty; and the term of enlistment of the three months' men was expiring, and some of them were leaving for home.

Lyon's impetuous, courageous soul led him to go forward unmindful of danger, relying upon the Government in whose behalf he was making this heroic effort. He had kept the Government at Washington, and Frémont, the new Department Commander at St. Louis, informed of his movements; had made urgent calls for provisions, clothing, and reinforcements, and was in great need of all of these. Messenger after messenger was dispatched to St. Louis to represent in person the desperate straits of the brave band that held the key to Missouri. General Wherry, of Lyon's staff, says: "In vain they applied at the portals of the Brant mansion where the Commanding General kept his state surrounded by foreign adventurers and flunkies, and military dalgettys from every clime. Chiefs-of-staff, Adlatus to the chief-of-staff, and aids-de-camp barred the way." And time with rapid flight, was making Lyon weaker and weaker, and the enemy stronger and stronger. He waited a few days in suspense, expecting daily and hourly, some assurance of supplies and troops. During these days, the enemy was rapidly increasing in his front.

On the evening of the 8th of August, 1861, General Lyon called a council of war composed of the principal officers of his command. He said in the presence of the council: "Gentlemen, there is no prospect of our being reinforced at this point; our supply of provisions is running short; there is a superior force in front, and it is reported that Hardie is marching with 9,000 men to cut our line of communication. It is evident we must retreat. The question arises, what is the best method of doing it. Shall we endeavor to retreat without giving the enemy bat-

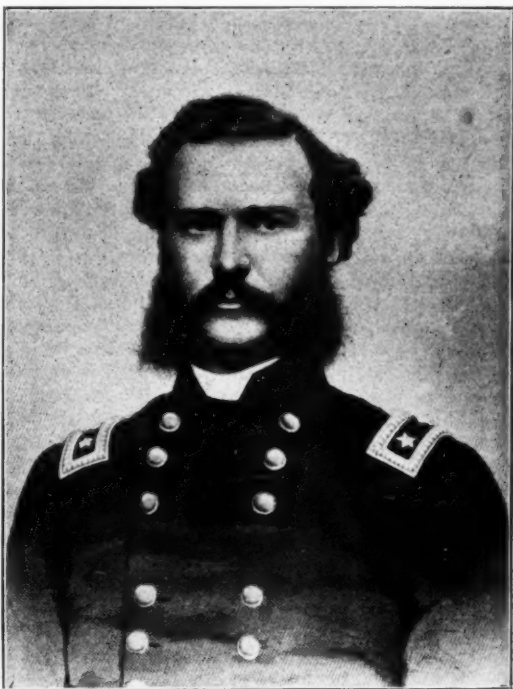
tle beforehand, and run the risk of having to fight every inch along the line of our retreat; or shall we attack him in his position, and endeavor to hurt him so that he cannot follow us? I am decidedly in favor of the latter plan. I propose to march this evening with all our available force, leaving only a small guard to protect the property which will be left behind and, marching by the Fayetteville road, throw our whole force on him at once and endeavor to rout him before he can recover from his surprise."

This bold, well-planned maneuver was carried out the following night, August the 9th.

Lyon's military sagacity was unerring as instinct. He was quick to comprehend a danger, swift to form and execute a plan to meet it.

The little army of men that marched out of Springfield that dark night, the 9th of August, in silence, with army blankets wrapped around their cannon wheels to prevent noise, and gunny-sacks on the horses' feet, were weak and hungry and almost naked. But I may say, without offense, that there never were in a like number of troops going into battle more men of a high order of military talent and ability; more men of general intelligence, of education, of learning in all departments of knowledge.

President Lincoln in a message July 4, 1861, said: "So large an army as the Government has now on foot, was never before known without a soldier in it but who has taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this, there are many single regiments whose members,



GEN. FRANK J. HERRON.
Captain Co. 1, First Iowa.

one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the whole world, and there is scarcely one from which could not be selected a president, a cabinet, a congress, and perhaps a court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself."

The First Iowa Infantry was a conspicuous example of Mr. Lincoln's statement. In the ranks, with muskets in their hands, were scholars, classical students, men of high standing in all the learned professions. The rush to get into the regiment was so great that in many instances money was paid, and social and family influence used to obtain admission, even as a private soldier. Sec-

retary Seward said the job would last only ninety days and the boys all wanted to get into this regiment, fearing it would be the only one; and they worked the wires as many do who want to be made delegates to state or national conventions, or get into Congress or some other office. The companies were full to overflowing, and therefore many were rejected, and the rule of the survival of the fittest applied, until the companies were made up of picked men of superior physical and mental excellence. The First Iowa could have creditably made good Mr. Lincoln's high eulogium of a volunteer regiment. Enæas, in his great after-dinner speech at Dido's banquet, was not willing, in his interesting narrative of the Trojan war, to omit giving credit where he thought credit was due, and he summed up that credit by adding at the close of his narrative, "*Quorum Pars Magna fuit*"—(A great part of which I was). It might be justly said of this last campaign of Lyon, and of the battle where he fell, that Iowa troops, Iowa courage and fortitude formed a large part.

As to military talent in that little army, —there was first and foremost, Brigadier-

General Lyon, only just promoted from the rank of Captain,—scholarly, strategic, matchless.

Gen. Franz Sigel, then Colonel of the Third Missouri Infantry.

Gen. Geo. L. Andrews, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Missouri Infantry.

Gen. J. M. Schofield, then Major of the First Missouri Infantry.

Gen. S. P. Sturgis, then Major of the First U. S. Cavalry.

Gen. E. A. Carr, then Major of the First U. S. Cavalry.

Gen. James Totten, then Captain of the Second U. S. Artillery.

Gen. J. B. Plummer, then Captain of the First U. S. Infantry.

Gen. Gordon Granger, then Captain of the Mounted Rifles.

Gen. Peter J. Osterhaus, then Captain of the Second Missouri Infantry.

Gen. Thos. W. Sweeney, then Captain of the Second U. S. Infantry.

Gen. D. S. Stanley, then Lieutenant of the First U. S. Cavalry.

Gen. F. J. Herron, then Captain of the First Iowa.*

Gen. C. L. Matthies, then Captain of the First Iowa.†

*Gen. Frank J. Herron, at the beginning of the war was a banker in Dubuque. He was Captain of the "Governor's Greys," one of the finest equipped military companies in Iowa.

This Company Herron tendered to the General Government in January, 1861, which tender was forwarded by Governor Kirkwood in the following letter to the Secretary of War:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, Iowa, January 24, 1861.
Hon. Joseph Holt, Secretary of War, Wash., D. C.
Sir,—I have the honor to enclose a letter tendering to the President the services of the Governor's Greys, a military company at Dubuque in this State. The services of other military companies have been tendered directly to me.

While I deeply regret that the perils to which the Union of the States is exposed arise from domestic, and not foreign foes, I feel a great, and I think an honest, pride in the knowledge that the people of Iowa are possessed of an unyielding devotion to the Union, and of a fixed determination, that so far as depends on them, it shall be preserved. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD,
Gen. Geo. A. Stone's company, the "Mount Pleasant Greys" was offered about the same time, and this no doubt is one of those referred to by Governor Kirkwood in the foregoing letter.

The "Mount Pleasant Greys" entered the First Iowa as Company F.

Captain Herron took the "Governor's Greys" into the First Iowa as Company I of that regiment and led them with conspicuous bravery at the battle of Wilson's Creek.

He was soon after made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth Iowa, and for gallantry at the battle of Pea Ridge (March 6, 7 and 8, 1862), where he was wounded and taken prisoner, he was made a Brig-

adier-General. And within the year, for great courage and military skill at Prairie Grove, was made Major-General.

He was Iowa's youngest Major-General and the second one of that rank from the State. He was the only Iowa soldier appointed to the rank of Brigadier-General from that of Lieutenant-Colonel.

General Herron is still living, and in business in New York City.

†General C. L. Matthies was a character of great force and interest in the war history of Iowa. He was born in Bromberg, Prussia, May 31, 1824. His father, a rich farmer, sent him to the University of Halle, where he received a thorough military education. He won a commission in the German Army by his good conduct and gallantry.

He came to America in 1849 and located in Burlington, Iowa. He organized the "Burlington Rifles," composed exclusively of his own countrymen.

These stalwart Germans under Captain Matthies' superior skill became one of the finest companies in the State. This command was offered to the Governor among the first. Captain Matthies' letter is missing from the official files. Governor Kirkwood's reply was as follows:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, Iowa, January 26, 1861.
C. L. Matthies, Captain Burlington Rifle Company, Burlington, Iowa:

DEAR SIR,—Accept for yourself and the company you command, my thanks for the tender of their services, "in case of any public event involving the necessity of arms." Should any such event occur, I shall accept the services so gallantly tendered. I am pleased to know that you and your command believe that the flag of our country is worthy of preservation, and that the men who first

Gen. Geo. A. Stone, then Lieutenant of the First Iowa.

I would like to mention Salamon, Wherry, Brooks and many others, but "the time would fail me to tell of Gideon and of Barrak, and of Samson and Jephtha, and the rest." A large portion of this little army became commissioned officers, and about thirty of them Brigadier and Major-Generals before the war was over.

I will not attempt to describe the battle of Wilson's Creek or "Oak Grove" as the Confederates called it. It was in point of disparity of numbers engaged, casualties suffered, and general effect upon the country, one of the greatest battles of the war. The Union forces on duty numbered only 4,300. The enemy numbered over 20,000, thus in actual figures reversing the oft repeated Munchausen claim, of one Confederate whipping five Yankees.

Our total loss, killed, wounded, and missing, numbered 1,225. †The first Iowa soldier to fall was Shelby Norman. The battle was a success to the Union arms in that it did all General Lyon expected. The enemy was punished and driven from the field and our troops withdrew unmolested. Had Sigel's detachment been handled as well as Lyon's, or had Frémont furnished two or three regiments of fresh troops, the Confederate army in Southwest Missouri would have been crushed. The courage and valor of the volunteer troops side by side with regulars, won the praise of all. The Government at Washington took official recog-

upheld the one and established the other, did not intend to have both at the mercy of rebels and traitors. I hope to be in your city about the first of February, and will endeavor to see you and consult with you in regard to arms.

Very respectfully

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

The Burlington Rifles became Company D of the First Iowa.

In the severe summer campaign they marched to the music of old German songs and cheered the worn-out army by their great good nature and military spirit.

As Colonel of the Fifth Iowa, Matthias won fame as the hero of the desperate battle of Iuka.

Afterwards as Brigadier-General he served with distinction under McPherson, Sherman and Grant. He died since the war and lies in the cemetery at Burlington, Iowa, with General Corse and other gallant soldiers.

nition of this event as a victory, in the following proceedings:

"THANKS OF THE U. S. CONGRESS TO GENERAL LYON'S COMMAND.

GENERAL ORDERS III.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY. }

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }

Washington, Dec. 30, 1861.

The following acts of Congress are published for the information of the army:

Joint resolution expressive of the recognition of Congress of the gallant and patriotic services of the late Brigadier-General Nathaniel Lyon, and the officers and soldiers under his command, at the battle of Springfield, Mo.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the U. S. of America in Congress assembled.

1st. That Congress deems it just and proper to enter upon the records their recognition of the eminent and patriotic services of the late Brigadier-General Nathaniel Lyon. The country to whose services he devoted his life, will guard and preserve his fame as part of its glory.

2d. That the thanks of Congress are hereby given to the brave officers and soldiers who, under the command of the late General Lyon, sustained the flag and achieved victory against the overwhelming numbers at the battle of Springfield, Mo. And that in order to commemorate an event so honorable to the country, and to themselves, it is ordered that each regiment shall be authorized to bear upon its colors, the word "Springfield" embroidered in letters of gold, and the President of the United States is hereby requested to cause these resolutions to be read at the head of every regiment in the army of the United States.

Approved Dec. 24, 1861.

3d. The President of the U. S. directs that the foregoing joint resolution be read at the head of every regiment in the army of the U. S.

By command of Major-General McClellan.

L. THOMAS,

Adjutant-General.

And in further recognition of the character and services of our hero, the United States donated a plat of ground 10.92 acres on South Broadway, St. Louis, for Lyon Park, in the center of which was erected an obelisk to his memory.

Judged by what he did, and by what his rare talents promised, it may be affirmed that this nation has rarely, if ever, produced a greater military genius,

‡Shelby Norman, a fair haired boy of 18, was the first to enlist in the first company of the first regiment, and the first Iowa soldier killed in battle. He was a private in Co. A. from Muscatine in the First Iowa. As the regiment approached the battleground of Wilson's Creek, young Norman, brave and fearless, refusing to stoop or seek to avoid the enemies' bullets, fell pierced through the brain. Those near him heard the dull quick spat as it struck him in the head, a sure sign that the bullet had reached its victim. That whistling bullet never heard by the one it hit and which never hit the one who heard it.

Recognizing the fact that Shelby Norman was the first Iowa soldier killed in battle, August 10, 1861, the Commissioners did a most fitting thing in putting his form and features in bronze upon the Iowa Soldiers' Monument representing the Infantry Arm of the military service.

or a more unselfish patriot. Public recognition of his services and his great qualities has been slight, but will surely come; for his fame is permanent and it will increase; it is of the sort that the people take to heart long after the flags are folded and the drums are silent. Less than one year ago, the State of Connecticut unveiled a statue of Col. Thomas Knowlton, the grand-uncle and prototype of Lyon, who fell under Washington more than a century ago.

Lyon fought on that 10th day of August against fearful odds, and with heroic and desperate courage. His life and death was a tragedy. He lived and thought and worked alone. He fought out and ended his mission guided by the deep conviction and counsel of a great soul. At the last, his horse shot under him, weary, wounded, constant and unfaltering, daring the worst; his face, his hair, dabbled in blood, he called like Richard for a horse, another horse, and being helped into the saddle, leading Iowa troops, he rode to instant death. He had finished one of the greatest destinies of a great man. Thus died General Lyon, in the crash of battle, with the diapason of the cannon's roar, the rattle of musketry, and the voices of contending armies sounding in his ears. If die he must, this was the death he would have chosen.

Lyon had not planned, fought and died in vain. Through him the swift movement of secession in Missouri was checkmated.

By capturing their first camp and driving the Governor from the Capitol, and all of his troops into the uttermost corner of the State, and by holding McCulloch and Price at bay, he had given the Union

men of Missouri time and courage to bring their State Convention together, and had given that convention an excuse and the power to depose Governor Jackson and Lieutenant-Governor Reynolds, to vacate the seats of the members of the General Assembly, and to establish a State government which was loyal to the Union, and which would use the whole organized power of the State, its treasury, its credit, its militia and all its great resources to sustain the Union and crush its foes. All this had been done while Lyon was boldly confronting the overwhelming strength of Price and McCulloch.

Had Lyon abandoned Springfield and opened to Price a pathway to the Missouri river; had he not been willing to die for the preservation of the Union, none of these things would then have been done.

By wisely planning, by boldly doing, and by bravely dying, he had won the fight for Missouri. A noble sacrifice, which in the economy of God's universal plan seems always required for the vindication and triumph of a mighty truth.

Fearless, honest, and loyal to duty, our hero died for what he knew to be a great cause. His blood enriched the valley of Wilson's Creek, and his death gave an impulse to freedom that will go on forever. Many of the little army he led survived his fall only to afterwards prove that he had taught them how to die. Their graves are upon the heights of Gettysburg, upon the hills of the Susquehanna, by the banks of the Potomac, and by the side of the Cumberland. They sleep in glory on the field of Chickahominy, on the plains of Chickamauga, on the shores of Vicksburg, and on other battlefields far from the homes they loved



MOUNT OF HOLY CROSS.

*THY shoes from off thy feet
If thou wouldst stand so near ;
In reverence bow the head,
The Lord hath trodden here!*

*When He, by angels aided,
Placed high, that men might see,
This symbol of forgiveness,
The Cross of Calvary.—*



*Lord, what is man, and whyfore
Of him so mindful be!
Ah, yes, we know man's image
Shadowed Gethsemane ;*

*For him thy sufferings meant
But joy. Thy cross up there
Shall be reminder ever
To raise my eyes in prayer.*

Elizabeth D. Preston.

BIRDS OF THE MIDLAND REGION.

BY DAVID L. SAVAGE.

Editor of "The Iowa Ornithologist."

II.

The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what,
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised
for June! —Lowell.

WHAT so rare as a day in June!"

Far rarer is the morning that precedes the day. All nature is yet folded in the arms of sleep. No sound except the occasional hoot of the barred owl or the whip-poor-will singing its lullaby to the slumbering forest.

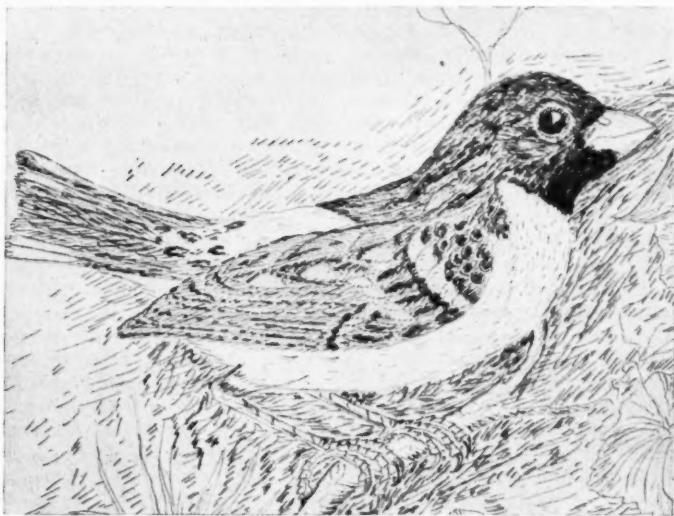
"First, the timid approach of twilight becomes more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky begins to soften; the smaller stars, like little children go first to rest; but the bright constellations of the west and north remain unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration goes on. Hands of angels hid from mortal eyes shift the scenery of the heavens; the glories of the night dissolve into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky has now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east begins to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blush along the sky; the whole celestial concave is filled with the in-flowing tides of morning light, which come pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, a flash of purple fire blazes from above the eastern horizon, and turns the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning are thrown wide open and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, begins his state."*

Innumerable voices greet the new-born day; among the first is the English sparrow (*Passer domesticus*). In an imperative tone he says *weep, weep*. Upon my refusing to obey, four and forty of them come and make loud demonstrations. All in vain. Instead of producing the desired

effect, it arouses indignation that these impetuous Britishers should have ever been permitted to emigrate to the land of liberty. Not because of any rumored evil they may be doing the agriculturist, by eating the grain in the field or occasionally indulging in a breakfast of vegetables. Their services in destroying insect pests more than balance these indulgences. It is their John Bull nature—"I'm here and there isn't room for both of us"—that I base my objections upon. They drive away our native birds. Not a robin, bluebird or house wren is allowed to have a home in the vicinity where the English sparrow has taken up his abode. In the country the sparrow's favorite nesting place is in the straw covering of sheds. I examined a number of nests which are in such a location. In some are young birds, in others fresh eggs; and one contains, together with four eggs, four young birds of different ages, from a specimen nearly fledged to one only a few days old. The pugnacious nature of this species might lend a hand in its own extermination, were it not for its tremendous facility for propagation. It has been stated that a single pair raises six broods in a season, and averages at least six young birds to a brood!

Cheer up, Cheer up, comes from an apple tree in the orchard. I ask my friend if he hears that song. He replies that it is only a robin singing. The notes do somewhat resemble the finest performance of the robin—only the warble is much more copious and finely modulated with a peculiar richness. The two species sing the same song of good cheer, but the robin is a deep alto singer, while the rose-breasted grosbeak (*Habia ludoviciana*) has a fine soprano voice. The latter species has increased with surprising rapidity during the last ten years—almost in proportion to the English

*Edward Everett.



ROSE-BREADED GROSBEEK.

sparrow. However, their abundance arouses a feeling of quite a different nature. They increased just at the right time to stay a plague from the Colorado beetle. A few black marks have been put down against the grosbeak, its appetite for green peas being uncontrollable, when the supply of beetles becomes exhausted. One writer states that he has observed it eating peas, and has examined the stomachs of several killed in the very act. The stomachs contained a few peas and enough potato beetles, as well as other harmful insects, to pay for all the peas the birds would be likely to eat in a whole season.

Few places afford a more favorite resort for a large number of birds—with regard to both number of species and individuals—than a once prolific orchard. Such orchards are not hard to find in most sections of the midland region, though they are usually associated with young trees, which bear promise of giving forth their share of mellow fruit in a few years. One such orchard I have in mind which we shall visit to see what treasures it holds in the way of bird life.

In the nearest tree is the nest of the rose-breasted grosbeak. A rude log cabin affair in comparison with the artistic cradle of the orchard oriole (*Icterus spurius*) which hangs higher among the branches of the same tree. We see the male grosbeak as he flies from the tree. He is a beautiful bird, black and white with a broad patch of brilliant rose color upon the breast and under each wing. The female lacks the rose color and the parts which are black in the male are streaked with olive-brown. She is very shy and almost voiceless, therefore, it is seldom that one gets a glimpse of her.

We hear the Baltimore oriole (*Icterus galbula*) singing in one of the trees not far away. There, fastened to the twigs just out of our reach, is his gentle swaying purse containing five little Baltimores, more priceless to the fond parents than much gold.

Just now a king bird (*Tyrannus tyrannus*) hastens in pursuit of a red-tailed hawk that is leisurely flying over the field adjoining the orchard. He has no more than driven the hawk to a respect-

able distance, before a crow is seen flying this direction. Away he goes again, keeping up a shrill and rapid twittering all the while. Seeming to realize that he possesses no musical talent wherewith to charm his mate, and thereby enable the weary hours of incubation to pass more swiftly, therefore, it behooves him to show his affections in another manner. He dons, at mating time, a robe of suspicion, which he doffs as soon as the young are able to leave the nest. During this time his life is one continual scene of broils and battles, in which, however, he usually comes off conqueror. He is suspicious of every bird that happens to pass near his residence, so that he attacks, without discrimination, every intruder.

The nest of the king-bird is placed in the fork of small twigs near the top of an apple tree. It is composed of dried

weeds, grass, leaves, bits of moss, interspersed with a considerable quantity of mud. Exteriorly it is bulky and loose, but it is well cupped and lined. While we are looking at the nest, a flicker alights on the tree. The king-bird darts at him and is successful in making him retreat to a fence-post. Here the flicker amuses himself with the violence of the king bird, and plays *bo-peep* with him around the post; while the latter, highly irritated, makes every attempt, as he sweeps from side to side, to strike him, but in vain.

I suspect that the flicker (*Colaptes auratus*) has a nest in one of the apple stubs, so I proceed to go the rounds, giving each a rap as I pass. A bird flies from one of them, but not a flicker. It is a great crested flycatcher (*Myiarchus crinitus*) a relative of the king-bird,—a bird about nine inches in length, with

upper parts olive-brown, and breast yellowish-white. In form and habits it has the marked traits of the other flycatchers. The cavity is filled up nearly level to the door-way with every conceivable trash; leaves, pieces of bark, grass, weed-stems, rootlets, feathers and wool. In the very bottom—true to the never failing custom of this bird—is the *cast-off snake's skin*. The eggs are five in number, of a buffy-brown, streaked longitudinally with purple and dark brown. On account of their remarkable coloration they are easily distinguishable from all other North American birds' eggs.



GREAT CRESTED FLYCATCHER.

In another stub a pair of blue birds (*Sialia sialis*) have formed a nest of dry grass, and now six young birds claim the entire attention of the fond parents. As we look into the hole, the little mouths open to their fullest extent in readiness for a green worm, or other eatable; but we have nothing for them. In a short time

the mother returns with a caterpillar in her beak. Wonder how she tells in which mouth to put it? They all open with equal eagerness. Does she remember which one received the last worm?

The bob-white (*Colinus virginianus*) is calling to his mate from one of the stumps. His nest is not far away. There under that fallen tree, where the grass has grown high, is the domed domicile, which contained sixteen eggs the last time I passed that way. To-day, only egg-shells are left. The little bob-whites are hatched and are now following the mother in search of food.

Do I forget that we were going to visit the prairie this morning? No, my mind has only been absorbed in things present. We will leave the orchard and take the path that leads toward the prairie, although the incessant clamor of the bronzed grackles, the excited chirping of robins, and the cries of the blue jay inform us that there are homes here which we have not yet discovered.

The cheerful and abundant dickcissel



BOBOLINK.

(*Spiza americana*) is the first to inform us that he is an inhabitant of the meadow. *Chick, chick, chee, chee, chee* comes from fence stake, weed stalk and thorn bush, the three voices blending as they repeat the last portion of the song. Following in the wake of cultivated fields and green waving meadows, these birds are with us in much larger numbers than when our fathers first settled on these prairies of the then far west. Of this ditty, such as it is, they are by no means parsimonious, for, from their first arrival early in May, for two or three months, every level field of grass is serenaded with *chick, chick, chee, chee, chee*.

The illustration pictures a male specimen in full plumage. The female is duller colored and lacks the black on the throat. The nest of the black-throated bunting, or dickcissel, is sometimes placed on the ground in a tussock of grass; at other times in bushes as much as four feet from the ground. The eggs are usually four or five in number; and I have found one nest containing six. In

size and shape they closely resemble the eggs of the bluebird, and in color they cannot be distinguished. The nest is a loosely constructed affair, of grass, weed stems, leaves, corn husks, with a slight lining of finer grass.

The hedge-row affords a paradise for birds, but it lends the same attraction to vermin, which deal out destruction upon the feathered inhabitants. We missed the brown-thrasher's song at dawn. He was not at his accustomed perch. We look into his home to see if all is well. Young birds! Young birds are in the nest! While we are admiring the featherless youngsters, the fond parent arrives upon the scene and gives a guttural chirp, expressive of alarm and anxiety. The enchanting strains to which we have for weeks listened with such rapt pleasure are hushed. No more will his favorite haunts resound with them until an-

other spring. Duties of a family have devolved upon him and he is determined to perform these duties with the same whole-heartedness that he put into his singing a few mornings ago.

Perchance a blacksnake finds this little home and makes a morning meal of the inmates. I witnessed a like tragedy a year ago. The male bird speedily recovered his voice and again filled the fields with music. For this, his mate was willing to undergo the wearisome toil of nest-building and incubation. But should a week elapse before disaster befalls his callow care, his constitution undergoes a change and no second attempt to rear a family is made.

The white-rumped shrike (*Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides*) built a nest in the hedge and to day the six little shrikes are sitting in a row near the edge of the nest. The sight of human beings alarms

them and they bethink themselves: These wings of ours were made for use, and now would be a good time to try them. So with one accord they leave the old home. Five of them start to fly across the prairie evidently with no conception as to where they are going other than the idea of getting somewhere, and sure enough their idea is soon realized. They find a convenient concealment for their baffled ambition in the tall prairie grass. Shrike number six,



BLACK-THROATED HUNTING.

more considerate than the others, thinks best to find another perch in the hedge. He progresses very nicely until it comes to alighting. It is no easy matter for one not experienced to regain equilibrium after an aerial tour. After repeated efforts he, too, finds a resting place on *terra firma*.

On the level prairie we put up a female barthamian sand-piper (*Barthamian longicauda*),—probably more generally known by the name of "plover,"—which is accompanied by three little *longicauda* that are only a few days old. They are covered with a grayish-white down, beautifully streaked on the back with darker. When the mother takes flight, the little ones run with surprising swiftness and prove themselves adepts at hiding in the grass. Nor could we find one of them to reward a half-hour's search.

Before we reach the marsh we are greeted with a chorus of *kon-qua-ree-ee-ee-ee-e-e*, from the red-winged blackbirds (*Agelaius phoeniceus*). As we approach nearer they change their notes to an excited *chuck, chuck*, and circle over us. In a short time the whole colony seem to be in the air darting around us and making a clamor that would vie with any of the more notorious members of the *clamatores*. We soon discover the cause of such undue excitement. Every few yards, in the long coarse grass and sedges, we find their handsome baskets. Not a few are out in the swamp over the water in small bushes. But for convenience' sake



SORA-RAIL.

we are content to examine those closer at hand. The majority of the nests contain young birds which fly promiscuously in all directions, as we approach. Finding a reasonable resting place on a large tussock of upheaved sod, we seat ourselves to watch things develop at the red-wing village. One after another of the young birds that left the parental roof so unexpectedly, climb awkwardly up the cat-tail stalks and, with such a comical expression!—half astonishment and half fear—they gaze for the first time upon their possessions—the broad domain of nature.

The red-winged blackbird is not the only inhabitant of the marsh. A sora rail (*Porzana carolina*) glides noiselessly through the rushes only a few feet from where we are sitting and splashes around in the shallow water without the least inconvenience. This is a handsome bird which is extremely partial to the marsh land, never being found far from water. A few years ago I surprised a mother sora while she was engaged in teaching her little black chickens how to find their own food. When she caught sight of me she gave an excited *cluck*, at which the little

fellows disappeared without a moment's hesitation. Then she proceeded to deceive me, feigning lameness and uttering cries similar to a wounded bird. When flushed this species has a peculiar uncertain flight, its legs hanging downward in a conspicuous position. It usually does not fly far, but drops down and trusts to the high grass and its swift legs for safety. I have never found the nest of the sora, although, in my rambles, I not infrequently see the bird. I feel that I am not acquainted with a bird until I have heard it sing and seen its home. This species has no song, never uttering more than a shrill weird cry, and that only when darkness conceals its personage.

A bittern (*Botaurus lentiginosus*) is standing very erect and motionless near the edge of the water, evidently intent upon capturing some unwary frog or lizard. Not far away we start up his mate from the nest which contains young

birds. The nest is formed entirely of grasses and placed on the ground in a thick tussock of sedges. A number of nicknames have been appended to this bird, among them, such as stake-driver, thunder-pumper and dunk-a-doo. These strange names have probably been suggested by the bird's peculiar vocal performance.

While retracing our steps homeward, we see two king rails (*Rallus elegans*) in the edge of the marsh. But we have no time to loiter. The day is almost done; around us slowly fall the shades of night. Above the night hawks (*Chordeiles virginianus*) are circling on unerring wings. We hear the sharp snap of their bills as they capture their insect prey. On every side we see the dim light of the fireflies. We are reminded that "nature has qualities that for attractiveness as far surpass the works of man, as the sunlight is better than the firefly's flash."



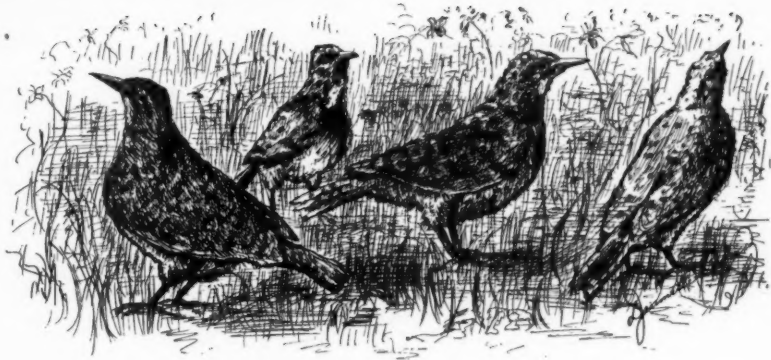
PRIMROSE TIME IN MINNESOTA.

SMILING and sunny, the skies
Are tender and true as her eyes;
And the feathery edge of a cloud unfurled
Sheds an amber light on a flower-decked world
Tinting the blossom, and gilding the spray,
And giving a charm to the golden day
Of the primrose time.

Draped is the west with a fold
Of amethyst threaded with gold;
And I lie and list where the shadow falls,
And sigh as the oriole softly calls
To his mate in the rose-vine over the way,
Where she sits and swings in the sunset ray
Of the primrose time.

Glowing with jewels the skies —
Jewels less bright than her eyes;
And her fairy feet press the tender grass,
And the moonbeams bow as they see her pass;
She trills a song as she trips o'er the way —
Her coming the crown of my beautiful day
Of the primrose time.

E. H. Chase.



THE WESTERN MEADOW-LARK.

BY IDA A. BAKER.

Illustrations by D. Jeannette Baker.

"Jest the idy, now, o' layin'
Out yer money, and a-payin'
For a willer cage and bird
When the meadow-larks is wingin'
Round ye, and the woods is ringin'
With the beautifulest singin'
That a mortal ever heard."

IN "Wake Robin" Burroughs says "it is a little remarkable how many of the Western birds are mere duplicates." He then gives a list of these birds, among them the meadow-lark.

The Western meadow-lark naming tallies with descriptions of the Eastern birds; but he is a duplicate after the Western fashion, with all the latest improvements.

The Eastern bird is described as extremely shy. Our bird will sit on a fence-post until we are within a rod of him. He and his mate nest in the prairie slough-grass and in June bring their great clumsy nestlings to our lawn on the unfrequented side of the house to feed and train.

Here we have many curious glimpses into their domestic arrangements. The old birds undulate gracefully through the grass but the young ones hop and waddle after them, chirping fretfully like spoiled babies.

When the young birds are half grown the order is reversed and the nestling

wanders boldly hither and yon over the lawn, and the parent bird follows, nervously reiterating its warning cry.

They are brilliant, graceful birds.

Open prairies and the first sure sign of coming spring is the meadow-lark's song, accompanied by the crooning of the prairie-chickens.

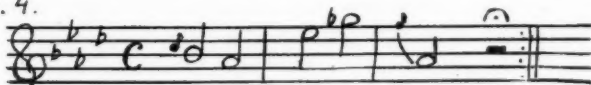
Though they are shy about their nesting and cautious in their training they are bold enough in their singing. They choose a fence-post or the topmost branch of a small tree and sing, at intervals, all the day.

Their songs so far excel, and vary from, the meadow-lark's song as described by Eastern writers that it is puzzling to a learner and sometimes really amusing to compare them.

Flagg, speaking of the meadow-lark, says, "Though perhaps not properly classed among our singing-birds it has a peculiar lisping note which is very agreeable." He finds the notes "shrill, drawling and plaintive."

Simeon Pease Cheney says, "He lacks the vocal power of the robin and oriole," and "his song is essentially plaintive." To call some of the Western meadow-lark's strains plaintive—is a musical joke.

No. 4.



It was the second part of an obligato duet and the beautiful contrast in their songs was worthy the attention of any musician.

When one has thoroughly learned this style of singing as the lark's, it is startling to see the lark sailing overhead and showering down the ting-a-ling-link-ling of the bobolink, then to see him alight and pipe his old whistle.

Burroughs says the meadow-lark occasionally does this in the earlier part of the season, but with us it is a frequent occurrence and old observers often think the bobolink has come when it is only the same old meadow-lark that has been singing on their fence-posts all spring. Still, I think that, after watching closely I can distinguish a plunge and dash in the meadow-lark's song that the bobolink does not possess.

Then, too, the meadow-lark never sings as long on the wing as the bobolink, nor continues the same song after alighting. I have thought that the meadow-lark might be learning new songs. A remark to that effect made to a friend evok-

ed a hearty laugh at my expense. Yet from the closing paragraph in Burrough's "A Taste of Kentucky Blue Grass" I judge that by him my remark would hardly be counted ridiculous. I frequently hear a phrase, high-pitched, shrill and drawling, like the old song I learned in the southern part of Iowa, as the meadow-lark's.

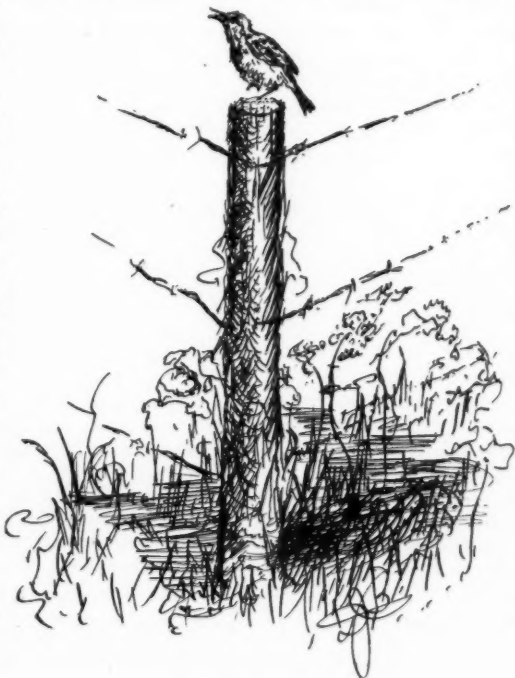
The songs that I have tried to describe differ from it so much that not until I saw the crescent-badged whistler in the act could I believe it was he.

I have since heard these songs winter and summer from the tall charred stumps in Washington villages, and from the eucalyptus trees in California. On the coast people do not waste powder and

shot on anything as small as a meadow-lark. There the bird is still comparatively fearless.

But here the meadow-lark is game for those who prefer their music "baked in a pie" and lately he is beginning to grow timid. There is less of the friendly ringing singing in our door-yards. The thin high-pitched whistle is more frequent.

Whether



this is the timid call of the same bird growing shy or a different lark, I am unable to tell.

The Western meadow-lark in sweetness, volume, and variety of song ranks ahead of all excepting the thrush and for a true musical succession of tones, for accent and for evident and effective choice in keys, he surpasses all. It is only strange that

musicians have not noted his peculiarities. Unfortunately he does not study effects, and his song, when he is in the mood for singing, lasts from sunrise to sunset. If it but came in the early dawn or dim twilight, as the robin's or at long intervals, as the thrush's, or was always an uproarious frolic, like the bobolink's, he would have received far more appreciation.

THE WRECK OF THE FERNDALE.*

HOARSE with calling, pale with anger, from dim dawn till set of sun,
Wind-blown billows crowding landward shook the shores of Washington.
Stalwart seas tramped down the beaches, giant seas, each thunder-toned,
Lunged against the frowning headlands while the mighty caverns groaned.
Roared along the sandy reaches, foaming, panting in the race,
Struck the cliff's opposing ledges, leaped to smite its rugged face;
Leaped and flung their white arms wildly; then all baffled backward fled,
Moaning, sobbing on the shingle, like a mother o'er her dead.

Night fell black upon the waters, night with no star throbbing through;
Fiercer yet the billows battled, stronger still the west wind blew.
Every pine upon the hilltop cried in anguish, cried in vain,
And the ranchman's wife peered seaward with her face against the pane;
Heard the waves loud cannonading, saw at times a lifting light —
Fiery soul of sky-tossed breaker burning through the raven night;
Listened sadly at the window, thinking of the ships at sea,
Of wrecked sailors, drifting, helpless, and the Storm King's fiendish glee.

Hark! What sound above the breakers? Was it but the sudden shock
Of a seething sea bombarding towering battlements of rock?
Was it but the crashing thunder of a fir tree's massive form,
Of a fir tree that had fallen as it wrestled with the storm?
No, ah no! Again the gun spoke and the ranchman's wife grew pale;
"God have mercy on a vessel driven shoreward by the gale!"
"God above have mercy on them!" "He alone can still the waves!"
"Hear them calling?" "They will perish!" "How the ocean roars and raves!"
Thus spake trembling, careworn women, sturdy ranchmen, young and old,
As they gathered on the North Beach in the darkness and the cold.

All the night their lanterns glimmered in the west wind's icy breath,
While the surf grew thick with cordage and the breakers talked with Death.
All the night they watched and waited where the hoary foam-flakes flew,
One by one along the North Beach drifted in the Ferndale's crew;
One by one they drifted, lifeless, to the bleak Pacific sands,
Salt tears on their pallid faces, seaweeds in their hardened hands.
Eyes of pity looked upon them, looked upon them where they lay,
As the morn came softly stealing, saddened morn in robe of gray.

Herbert Bashford.

* The Ferndale was an English barkentine laden with coal, which, during a heavy storm in the early spring of 1892, was wrecked on the North Beach above Gray's Harbor, off the coast of Washington. A number of the crew were drowned and were buried near the scene of the wreck. Those that were saved were insane for a time, owing to the terrible ordeal through which they had passed. The Ferndale was on its first voyage. At low tide one of its masts may yet be seen.

A MORNING AFIELD.

BY MINNIE STICHTER.

Author of "Afield" and "My Corn Field" in other numbers of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.
(Illustrations by Alma Glasgow White.)

THE mouth of them that tell lies shall be stopped!" "The mouth of them that tell lies shall be stopped!" rang through my brain as I thought of the pretenses and pageantries of some people. "But, no!" I said, "this is flatly contradicted every day. I will write a satire on social relations that shall prove it is. I will show that lies with repellant force enough to project a new world into space are every day putting mighty intervals between each of us. I will show that lies are annulling the law of polarity, until each human atom is being hurled forever apart from his kind; until each of us is alone in a cave of gloom, except for chattering, gibbering specters offering repast of poisons and pangs. O! I will rid myself of some choice invectives about the state Society is in, which makes life lie it is!"

But when I tried to write Society down for what it seemed to me to be this same Society contrived to interrupt me so often that my tirade was like not to get done! My Mother came offering me the just-opened rose from her garden. The Musician came to let me hear her latest Chopin. The merry Golfers shouted to me to come out and join them. Now this sort of distraction not only kept me from work, but wouldn't fit very well into a violent declamation that was all to be about the false shows of Society.

However, my tempestuous mood was not to be foiled so easily from having its say. I would march off to the fields to my "study,"—a favorite tree. Out there I would have no interruptions; and there, too, the heat of the summer day would be less intense.

With martial vigor I gathered up my traps and fared forth. Nor did I slacken any in vehemency and resolution until

the divine aroma of the grapes in the fruit fields had met me a long way off and ministered ineffable sustenance to me. This halted me, and the fruit itself, when I came up with it, would have done so more effectually but that I had just breakfasted. Under any other conditions I should have had to take the Ulysses precaution of filling my mouth, if not my ears, with wax to have escaped the snare of the tempting clusters of grapes and rich red of the plums bursting with ripeness. As it was, I sighed because I had not been built on the plan of the telescope grip. Then I might have let out the straps of my anatomy at my convenience. For out of doors hunger seems something fine and virtuous, and eating not coarse and vulgar, but "worthie of heaven and bye felicitie."

A little farther on I was compelled to stop and map out a new route to reach my "Afric and Cathay" a route that should not involve barbed wire fences. For in the great patchwork quilt of fields before me lay a rosy "block" of clover bloom that was still sopping and saturated with dew, though it was nine o'clock, and in the town no such sign of morning yet remained. I had not retreated from the clover way until after a first plunge into it had taught me how thrillingly cool the dampness was to my feet through the rubber of my boots; and not then but that my skirts were soaking so full and heavy that I was being taxed to pay for "excessive baggage."

Forced, then, to choose another path, I turned to follow an old rail fence that angled along, with a goodly train of flowers as a brilliant escort. One such beautiful picture seen on the eve of the flood—and God had not drowned the world, I like to fancy. There was rest and refreshment in the rustling rush of every

gust of sound among the corn which the fence corralled, in the graceful bend of every tree left standing among the corn to marshal its hosts, in every wild flower scarf on the pasture's breast, in the delicious spicery of the air there in that place of peace.

And when I had quite passed the corn fields, and had come farther into the open meadow lands, a breeze that I had not before at all suspected of being about was blowing strongly from the South, and quite outranking all the town's electric fan and ice cream table appliances for lowering the temperature to agreeableness.

When at last I reached the great, old tree, its shimmering foliage was tearing the sky into thousands of pieces and laying it at my feet in exquisite arabesques of light and shade.

But at the tree trunk's base was an unexpected lot of loose limbs and twigs lying in a heap. From this evidence alone I would have known that thereabouts was a bumblebees' nest which boys had been "fighting out."

But about this stack of stuff, flying in swift circles, was a frightful number of bumblebees. One bee is a frightful number to me; and this horde had almost made me spend all the energy and the heroics that were to have gone into the satire on So ting away fr swift paraly ity stayed ing plan and what looked only fuss and bees, caught and riveted me to the place.

While I stayed there, very still, hoping the bees wouldn't try to establish an intimacy with me, I became convinced—to my own satisfaction, if not to that of anyone else—of a strange fact,—that

the one idea of seeing what they could accomplish by using their bodies as battering-rams against that *débris* was common to every bee in that crowd. And, if any strength of theirs could have availed, they would have given the stuff a fearful forward jolt, so persistently and with such pugilistic batter did they bang their bodies up against it, in such league were they

against the evil that it was to them.

Plundered and homeless, they were yet a tribe in perfect union.

It was the sort of union that welds together the hearts of the children of men when some widespread calamity, too deep for tears and too appalling for words, falls upon them. Then only does humanity become, like the bees, a unit. Then they are one in the compassion that rides over all conventional and artificial distinctions as the ark rode over the ruins of a submerged world. Then Avarice drops its handful of tightly-clutched dollars, Pride its arrogance, Poverty its

dependence; the Cynic is lost in the Angel of Mercy, and God's sweet sunshine falls upon such an equality as beggars the

brightest dreams of the Philanthropist. Mercy fills the world, and all else is fantastic unreality. Such are the sweet "uses of adversity."

It is only in uneventful days, when business forms and pride and folly govern the world, when the coalescing power of a common purpose is not, and men are flung apart by the centrifugal force of separate aims, that we talk bitterly of "want of heart" and "petrified selfishness." Real misery speedily dissipates such delusions. This is the "good of evil."

Afterward, when I was telling my young





brother how valiant and venturesome I had been in regard to these bees, and was interpreting their actions for him and drawing my moral, he said: "Huh! you needn't be feeling bad about those bees. Nobody's been botherin' 'em. They're a crazy kind that always act that way 'round cottonwood trees; an' they ain't got a particle of sting. You couldn't have got hurt."

Indignantly I quoted the presence of the sticks there, and the absence of bees before, and "heaps" of other evidence. In vain. The argument was beginning all over again, when in warmth, and to end the war of words victoriously, the lad said, "Just you catch one of those bumblebees and bring it to me and I'll prove to you that it don't have any sting!" Needless to say the matter is still in dispute—and will be so long as its settlement depends on my catching a bumblebee.

At the time I deemed myself doing a very reckless thing from a spirit of pure adventure, when I nestled down beside the tree on the side opposite the bees, to begin my Satire. Perhaps I thought I could write more stinging things the more stinging things there were about me,—although I must confess that, from first to last, I wasn't bothered a bit by the bees.

Mosquitos did alight on the sheet of drawing paper upon which I had chanced for my scribbling; and when, in sheer wantonness, I took the life of one, such an unspeakably beautiful new tint of red marked where its life-blood had ebbed out, that I was immediately concerned to capture more mosquitos, to see if any more of them had the secret of such an exquisite dye. If they had, I knew myself to be the discoverer of a coloring matter that should be equally celebrated with Tyrian purple or Venetian red, and

should render the palette adequate to the sunrise and the sunset that are now the painters' despair.

I might have gone on slaying mosquitos until I made something out of it, but they had evidently become suspicious of me, for they avoided me scrupulously. Now, if I had only started my experiments in camp on the river last week! The whole camp would have been glad of me, my brother says.

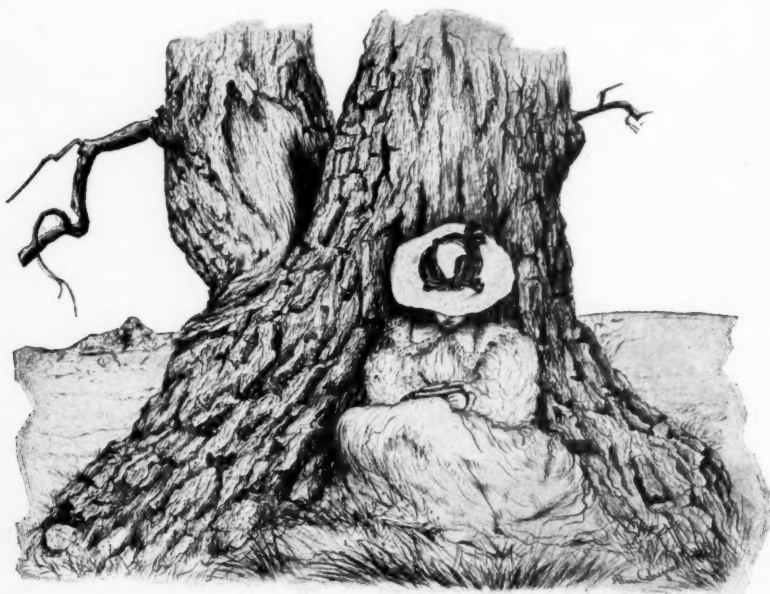
When I came again to the tree and the tirade, the breeze kept tossing down bits of dead sticks for the fun of seeing me look up each time into the tree to see if anybody was throwing them. So mysterious were the sounds, so pregnant the silences there, that the surprise was *not* to see some fairy float down from among the branches and go pirouetting about on dainty toe, or some mischievous fay step forth for fancy figures on the green.

After longer acquaintance, the wind stopped its pranks and began to be intrusive and insolent.

I fitted myself into one of the great grooves of the tree-trunk and began to put a lining of paper to all possible parts of my gown, pinning it in with many self-congratulations because I was rich enough in pins to do it.

But even so my stronghold was not secure. It betrayed me and harbored the enemy. I began to feel too chilled for comfort—this on an August day—and I prepared to leave the sheltering hollow of the tree-trunk. But, to even so subtle a foe as the wind, I was in no mood to succumb—why, hadn't I already braved bumblebees! So, when I reached the open and found there was really a great gale blowing, I thrilled with the sense of a magnificent opportunity.

If there was going to be a storm, the time had come when, no one being about whose wish constituted authority over me, I could go in for the fight to which the wind seems always daring me. To you it may be always saying "wo-oo-oo" and all sorts of dreary and dreadful



"I fitted myself into one of the grooves of the trees"

things; but to me it seems ever a challenge to battle, ever rousing me by martial call to come away from streets where I must walk like any other human marionette, from tasks at which I must plod like any other dullard, from society where I must talk platitudes like any other fool, —to come away where I can let out the life and force that is in me by doing something, by grasping something and crushing it, by breaking out the windows of the universe.

However, it did not storm. Though probably, if it had stormed, I would be with you yet, as, like as not, I would have hurried home to let my mother put me in the cellar. Anyway, I wasn't properly equipped that time to meet a tornado face to face. I had only one hat-pin, so

that my hat flapped up and down in front in a dreadfully disagreeable manner.

Scudding home before the gale, I felt cleaned and permeated and etherialized by the wind and buoyed up by its elasticity in a thoroughly wholesome way.

However, I was glad to be back where the worst distractions count as absolute quiet when compared with those out of doors. But I was glad also to have gone, even though, in place of a Satire upon Society, I had written this.

For I came to see that there was no need for a satire of any sort. A morning in the fields makes the weird, fantastic look die wholly out of life, and shows instead the wise, benignant visage of a God.



A CORN LULLABY.

HARK to the summer rain in the corn,
Hush to sleep my baby!
 As faint as the call of an elfland horn,
Hush to sleep my baby!
 The winds blow fresh from the rosy west,
 The birdie rocks in his little brown nest.
 'Tis time for baby to go to rest,
Hush to sleep my baby!

Hark to the crash of the hail in the corn;
Hush to sleep my baby!
 It leaves the stalks all stript and shorn,
Hush to sleep my baby!
 The birdie is under the downy breast
 Of the mother-bird whose beaten crest
 The hail drives hard, by storm-winds pressed,
Hush to sleep my baby!

Hark to the sigh of the wind in the corn,
Hush to sleep my baby!
 The storm is dead and the calm is born,
Hush to sleep my baby!
 Now snuggle up close to mother's breast,
 And ride away through dreams, in quest
 Of the silent, stormless lands of rest,
Hush to sleep my baby!

William Reed Dunroy.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XXI.

THE voyage from Ft. Vancouver was uneventful. Captain Grant had to remain in San Francisco several weeks before he found a vessel sailing to his destination, and he made good use of his time studying the new phases of life as developed in the young city at the Golden Gate, and visiting some of his Mexican War acquaintances who had drifted into the mining region. He found the same reckless ways of living as on his previous visit. The streets and houses were built upon piles, where the year before the largest vessels lay at anchor. There was no filling under the streets or houses, and there were occasional broken holes large enough to let a man through into the water below; and he thought that many who went to the Pacific Coast during the mining excitement, and were never heard from, or were heard from for a time and then ceased to write, must have found watery graves beneath the houses and streets built over San Francisco Bay. All this was finally filled in from the adjacent sand-hills and made into solid ground, over which much of the modern city of San Francisco is now built. "At all hours of the day and night," he says, "in walking the streets, the eye was regaled, on every block near the water front, by the sight of players at faro." Wild and reckless life was everywhere open to view.

He made a visit into the mining region with an army officer from the garrison at San Francisco, and, on returning, he sailed for Humboldt Bay. Here he assumed active duties as Captain, remaining until March, 1854, when he again

came to San Francisco to prepare for the change which he contemplated.

His army duties had been too exacting to allow him to mingle freely with the people and acquaint himself with the business interests of the State. Before leaving the coast, he desired to gain knowledge of all conditions of life in the new State, whither he might, at some future time, return as a citizen.

After giving some attention to the business and agricultural conditions and prospects, he resolved to devote the remainder of his allotted time to visiting the gold mines and miners, and in studying life as there developed in its strange and weird characteristics.

It will be interesting and instructive to here group the observations of this remarkable man.

As before remarked, his first visit to the mines was in 1853; the one then visited was a sluice mine; it had been worked for two years by three owners, one a physician from New York, one a farmer from Iowa, and the other a lawyer from Ohio. The Ohio man had served as an officer in the Mexican War, and was Grant's friend. It was through him that Grant was invited to "visit them whenever he might happen to be within a hundred miles or so of their camp."

These three men were all college graduates, but the mining fever had taken so strong a hold upon them that they had shut themselves out from the world, except on rare occasions, when one of them would come to town on a mule to purchase and "pack" needed supplies.

When Grant and his companion reached the mining camp, they were greeted with

such sincere cordiality as men thus isolated only know how to extend.

Sluices were shut down, all work was suspended, and inquiry about affairs in the outside world was speedily begun by the miners. For preliminary refreshments, bologna sausage and sea biscuit, and clear cold water, served in a clean, but rusty old powder can, were laid out on the top of a broad stump, in the shade of fir trees beside the little stream that came dashing past the camp. Several large smooth boulders had been rolled up from the stream, and these formed seats around the stump.

Would it be too wide a departure from probabilities to surmise that this ancient stump answered as a card table now and then, when neighbors, ten or twenty miles distant, made a friendly call?

Grant and his comrade were shown over the mine, and all the mysteries of sluice mining were explained to them.

One of the three miners had remained in camp preparing dinner, and that event was soon announced.

A few days before an incautious young bear had been discovered by the doctor on the side of the mountain, half a mile up the gulch, and it was only a matter of a few hours' time until the animal was safely hanging to the limb of a tree in camp. It was a pleasant surprise to Grant and his comrade to be served with "bear" prepared in the daintiest of all modes known to old hunters and campers.

Then, as the dinner progressed, another surprise greeted them. There was a species of unbooked and unlodged brotherhood, or free masonry, existing among the early settlers of that new country, and this tie was especially strong between the early miners and ranchmen in California. Five miles farther down the stream where the foothills receded and the valley widened, a ranchman had planted himself, and with a mission Indian as companion, lived an isolated and friendless life, its solitude relieved only by a rare exchange of visits with the three miners up the gulch. The Mexican War veteran of the mining camp had told the

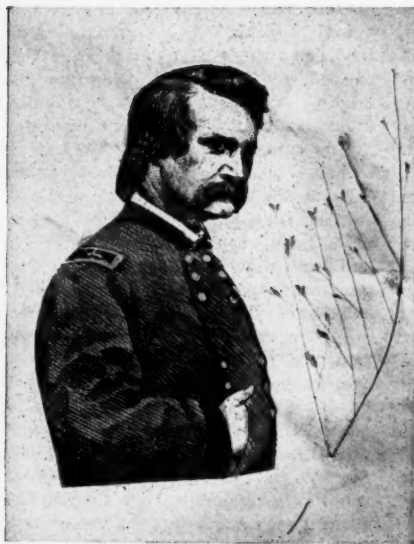
ranchman months before that he expected a visit from his friend, Captain Grant, sometime before winter; and when the two officers were seen, a few months later, by the ranchman to be hunting the scanty trail up into the gulch toward the miners' camp, he "reckoned"—for he was a Missourian,—“that them fellers must be the armyites Jack Mahon was expectin'.” And he soliloquized,—“may be they're out of fresh meat up thar in the holler”; and, acting on the thought, but a few minutes elapsed until a kid was dressed, and the hind quarters, wrapped in its own skin, was being carried by the Indian on the fleetest mustang up the trail over which Grant and his comrade had gone. It was with due secrecy put in possession of the Doctor, who was cook that day. The Doctor had prepared this, too, with such perfection as to transform it into “the remnants of a fawn that had strayed into camp.” Then there were light biscuits and coffee,—*coffee*, such as miners and old soldiers *only* know how to make to perfection. The Doctor had also fried a bit of bacon and with it some “hard tack,” that morsel dear to all old soldiers who have “campaign’d it.”

The guests were surprised and delighted with the feast the Doctor had prepared.

It was spread on the lid of a mess-chest, and the seats were blocks sawed from the body of a pine tree. The table utensils were a “mess” outfit that had seen service in the Mexican War; but, while they were a little *ancient*, they were as clean and bright as the fine sand and the crystal water of the adjacent stream could make them.

This “spread” was laid in a floorless cabin, having but a single room, with a canvas roof. There were a few small “port-holes” from which a handy shot could be fired if need be. In one corner was a pile of stones laid in such way as to be recognizable as intended for a fireplace; and an aperture was made in the canvas above for the escape of the smoke.

On the opposite side of the room stakes were driven into the ground, and small



From an old picture.

LOGAN IN '61.

John A. Logan, Colonel of the Thirty-first Illinois Infantry, as he reported to Grant at Cairo in 1861, before the Battle of Belmont.—Promoted Brigadier-General after the Battle of Ft. Donelson, March 21 1862, and Major-General in 1863.

poles were nailed to these and to the sides of the cabin, and over them canvas was stretched and nailed; and this formed the miners' bed during the two or more years they had occupied it. Coverless pillows, and some army blankets completed the bed. In another corner of the cabin was a pile of worn books on geology, mineralogy, mining, *materia medica*, philosophy, and other subjects. At convenient places on the walls hung more than half a dozen rifles and other guns.

Outside the cabin were shade trees; some gnarled giant stubs, and on these were nailed, in the hunters' best taste, the horns and heads of deer and mountain sheep, the feet of great bears,—the trophies of the skill of three as good shots as lived in the mountains. A few rods from the cabin ran the cool and sparkling stream, out of whose sand and gravel, a little farther up, they were washing much gold. Sloping above them the giant mountains rose in their grandeur.

All this Grant carefully studied. He inquired of his comrade as they rode away after a charming visit: "What are the compensations for such a life? What use are education, refinement, culture, if not to impress and benefit society?"

"And yet," responded his comrade, "here are three men, not troubled with the strife and follies of society, living pure lives, in the midst of the purity, grandeur and sublimity of nature! Can a prince in his palace enjoy as much?"

On several occasions, while in St. Louis, before removing to Galena, relating his Pacific coast experiences to the author, Grant referred to the two lines of reflection that had forced themselves upon his mind in his visits to the mines.

While the majority of the miners were persons in the humbler walks of life, he found quite a large percentage of them were college graduates, and had been college professors, doctors, lawyers, merchants, legislators, etc. Not a few who in their time had occupied high positions in "the states," were now digging in the mud, wading in cold streams, isolating themselves from society, exposing themselves to severest hardships and sufferings, sleeping in the open, in their wet clothing, exposed to many dangers by day and by night.

In impressing all this upon my mind, I remember his quiet earnestness on one occasion, and his clear-cut expressions, as we sat in his St. Louis office. He wished me to suppose myself with him in a tour of observation in 1853-4, wending our dark way into one of the numerous mountain drifts or gulches; or clamoring over heaps of rocks and earth, leaping wide artificial drains, to reach the point of operations in some one of the thousands of dreary gorges; or on some river, where a wide rift, or a deep broad eddy, had allured the hopeful miner; or journeying over miles of upturned earth to the place on the bottoms

where the miners were toiling under the exhausting sun to separate the shining dust. He said it was as probable that we would meet the grave divine, the skillful physician, the shrewd lawyer, the professor, the philosopher, or the student, as that we would meet the farmer, the mechanic, or the common laborer. Some of these adventurers came to recuperate, if possible, a dissipated fortune; others, to gratify curiosity, and a few to investigate and study; but all were in a state of feverish excitement after gold. Here those men, muddy and wet, unshaven and unshorn, would be found, clad in straw hats, "shack shirts," coarse overalls and rubber boots. In this reckless onrush after gold, most of them had left happy homes and profitable avocations, devoted friends and the blessings of refined society. The sacredness of the Sabbath was generally forgotten in their greedy worship at the shrine of Mammon.

"Then," said he, "if while studying this phase of California life as it then existed, we keep our eyes wide open to nature as here unfolded, and ride out a few miles on the level country, stop, turn, and view the mountains in all their grandeur and in all their beauty of tree and shrub, grass and many tinted flowers, in their then primeval repose, how impressed we must be with the truth of the poet's

words that 'only man is vile.'" On another occasion, he heard that a miners' court was being held a few miles distant, and he had a curiosity to turn aside and attend. He had heard much about these stern and summary courts of justice, but had seen nothing. The culprit was one who was not regarded as having any fondness for work. He was accused of stealing gold dust. The court was in session when Grant arrived. The testimony seemed clear, and in an hour from the opening of court a verdict of guilty was returned, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hung at sunset!

Grant was quite horrified, but, in a talk with him after the trial, the man who acted as judge reasoned thus. "Here our property is acquired at great sacrifice. It has been purloined; we have no jails or prisons in which to confine the



*Capt. U. S. Grant
San Francisco, 1854.*

thief, either before or after trial; no constitutional court within a hundred miles; this distance must be traversed by witnesses and parties through a country destitute of roads, with only trails over lofty ridges, deep ravines and rapid streams, and then over parched plains. Should we flagellate him and set him free? We have no more right to inflict that punishment than we have to hang him; besides, we should probably let loose a fiend who, on the first favorable opportunity, would satisfy his malice by murdering the judge, the witnesses, or the jury! Let our critics put themselves in our places and *then* pass sentence on us! We think the jurisprudence of our mining camps is best suited to our environments."

Grant recognized the force of this argument, and also the fact that these self-constituted summary courts, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred reached just conclusions; and yet his mind was so filled with the necessity of the supreme reign of Law and its orderly enforcement, that he could not fully reconcile himself to so strange an anomaly which he found prevailing in that new and restless life. He recognized the fact that the good these courts had accomplished far exceeded any evil they had wrought, and that the high sense of justice which prevailed, and the orderly society which it produced, was a new lesson as to the inherent strength of the mental fibre and tissue of the Anglo-Saxon race, which forms its institutions, no matter how great the chaos, on orderly lines, quite as naturally as the oak or the rose develop.

One feature of California mining life seemed to impress Grant's mind with sadness, and he confessed that he could not understand why the strong common sense and love of justice which so generally characterized the miners did not suppress the evil. In every new "diggings" where a few dozen miners assembled, near them, a shanty-village of traders and drinking and gambling dens would presently spring into existence. To these convivial resorts a majority of the miners were wont to

come two or three times a month; and in many instances the whole accumulations of many an unsuspecting miner have been carried away from the dram-drinking, gambling dens in those villages, by sharpers and cut-throats, whose occupation it was to lie in wait there to despoil him of his gold. How often have expressions of sorrow and regret fallen too late over the recital of errors into which the miner was precipitated by the convivial glass, and which deprived him of the golden fruits of months and even years of toil in the mines among the lonely mountains of California! Why the miners never attempted to suppress this evil was a problem not easy to solve.

I recall quite an affecting incident which I heard Grant relate to a little group of friends at Barnum's Hotel, in St. Louis, some time before he removed to Galena, which illustrates the sad experiences of some of the miners.

On one of his excursions Grant and party came upon a solitary miner, who was heating his coffee over a little fire of twigs. He had his cold meat, and some army biscuits laid out upon a rock, prepared for a lonely dinner. He was friendly and hospitable, as all miners were, but his conversation seemed tinged with sadness. After dismounting at the miner's request, and sharing a cup of his coffee and a hard biscuit, Grant and his comrades mounted and bade him good-bye. After they had gone a few rods, he called, "Captain Grant." As the latter looked back, the miner beckoned him to return. Grant did so, and he was told in subdued tones that if he was not in very great haste, he (the miner) would like to speak with him a few minutes. Grant again dismounted, and the two sat on the trunk of a fallen tree. The miner told him that he felt sad, felt as if he wanted to talk to some one, and he thought he could trust an army officer if he could any one. He took from an inner pocket a packet of letters written in a delicate hand, and read a couple of them to Grant. They were from his sweetheart in New York State, pathetically pleading

with him to return, and abandon his lonely and hard life. He had been absent since 1849, and every year he expected and promised to return, and every month the loving appeal from his betrothed was renewed. He said, sometimes he had had good luck and accumulated a few thousand dollars, and he would resolve to return; then he would lose it all in some adventure. Again he would renew his efforts to rehabilitate his fortune. Now he had several thousand dollars in gold dust, and his desire was great to return to his old home and the dear confiding girl whom he loved; but he was afraid to return. He had been genteel and refined, and had dressed like a civilized man before he came to California; but now he was coarse; he knew he had lost his good manners, and had forgotten how to talk as he had been accustomed to and as he should talk. He knew his waiting sweetheart had been growing more refined, more learned and more accomplished every month since he had parted from her; and how *could* he meet her, and his sisters and other friends, even if he did have a few thousand dollars! But, his heart was almost breaking, when he read over those letters. He said he had become so troubled about it that he was obliged to play the woman every time he read them; then, again, he felt like starting right off; but he would resume work and then he would fall into the old quandary again. Now he appealed to Grant to tell him what he ought to do! And the

poor fellow burst into tears as he folded the letters and replaced them in his inner pocket, and waited for Grant to speak.

There was no hesitancy with Grant as to what the man should do. He advised the love-sick miner to at once take his gold to San Francisco and sell it for a draft on New York, so he could not lose it; get washed and shaved, and procure new clothes. Then he would feel like a new man. He should then take passage home on the first steamer, and go straight to the girl who had waited so long for his return, and he (Grant) was sure all the rough corners in speech and manners would soon disappear; and in fact they would not in the least prejudice the true woman who had loved him so dearly. The miner promised Grant that he would act upon this advice, and sail in the very next steamer, two weeks later; and with this promise they parted.

In a few days Grant met the man in San Francisco. All his money had been lost in one of the gambling palaces that then abounded, and the poor fellow was in utter despair. Two days later his body was taken from the waters of the bay, and the coroner's "guess" was that he came to his death by drowning, and that it was a suicide!

Alas! can all the gold of the Occident, washed from its sands and blasted from its rocky veins, be any compensation for the crushed hopes and bleeding hearts of the thousands who have sacrificed everything for it?

[END OF PART I.]*

*Part II (beginning in the September MIDLAND) will traverse the life of Grant as a civilian in the West, the Middle-West of to-day. Part III, the concluding book, will cover Grant's great campaigns in the West. These books will be rich in personal reminiscence, Judge Emerson having enjoyed exceptional advantages for the work undertaken. It is not too much to say that no other contribution to the life of our great general has added, or can add, more to the yet incomplete biography of General Grant than the series of sketches now running through THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.—[ED.]

DAWN.

THE beautiful Lady of Night,
Grown pale in the breaking light,
Gathers the stars in haste and locks
Them safely away in her jewel box.

Carrie Shaw Rice.

EARLY LITERATURE OF THE MIAMI VALLEY.

BY LAWRENCE MENDENHALL.

STANDING upon any one of the hills bordering the beautiful Miami Valley, and casting a glance north, west, east or south, over gracefully undulating and fertile farms, one feels the joy of living. Particularly is this the case on one of those rare days in June, when light and shadow chase each other across verdant hill and meadow, and growing crops sing hallelujahs.

It is a time when "Remembrance wakes with all her busy train," and the Spirit of Retrospection takes your hand within her own. She proudly points with graceful gesture to Columbia, Cincinnati, North Bend, Hamilton and Dayton, as the spots where the sturdy pioneer first laid the hearthstone of a backwoodsman's cottage in all its simplicity and discomfort.

The Spirit's eyes are dimmed with tears, as she gently motions toward the hallowed precincts where those who having first worked are resting now, resting but not forgotten.

"Forgotten! No, we never do forget;
We let the years go; wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach out in the open day,
Or lock them careful by, like dead friend's clothes,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain;
But we forget not, never can forget."

And now the Spirit speaks: "Where to-day flourish thriving villages upon the banks of the Ohio, the Miamis, and the Mahketewah, stood the primeval forest; where stately structures rear themselves, curled the smoke of the log-cabin; candle-light, instead of electricity, threw gleams into the darkness; the sigh of the night wind through the rustling pines was the lullaby that hushed the child of the forest to slumber beneath heaven's starry canopy. But see! The busy woodman's axe laid low the giant tree; the clearing grew wider; the home more pretentious; the population greater. Year by year the industry and enterprise of man contended with nature for supremacy, until to-day—behold!"

Beautiful and fertile as is this section, it is her position in the literary world which has attracted the earnest attention of the savant to the Miami Valley.

Ohio owes her high position in the realm of letters largely to the wise provision made for education at the very beginning of the State's life. Necessarily what affected the State as a whole, was likewise felt throughout her component parts.

The educational development of a country presents much to interest; but, when narrowed to a particular section, this interest partakes of a personality akin to that felt in the growth of a favorite child.

It is unreasonable to expect sectional writing to grow up like a mushroom in a night; it is rather like confidence, a plant of slow growth, requiring careful nurturing and pruning.

The earliest attempts at literary work in any locality, are naturally exhibited in a newspaper, that medium of the people. It is not for me to prove or contradict what Charles Lamb says: "Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment." Nor the saying of Napoleon: "Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets." Madame Trollope in her caustic book, "The Domestic Manners of Americans," has this to say concerning the press: "The general taste is decidedly bad; this is obvious not only from the mass of slipslop poured forth by the daily and weekly press, but from the inflated tone of eulogy in which their insect authors are lauded."

Notwithstanding this high but questionable authority, the assertion may be safely made, that the growth of Miami Valley literature owes much to the encouragement afforded by the early press

to unknown but aspiring writers. Yet in spite of this help, it was not always smooth sailing for the geni of the goosequill, as they no doubt experienced many disappointments. Longfellow evidently felt the force of what he wrote, when he said: "Perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us, is told in a single word—'Wait'."

It will facilitate the construction of the paper, and may enhance interest in the subject, to divide it into sections. Let us therefore consider, first, the press; second, periodicals; third, authors—in the order named.

I. In glancing over the flashing headlines, and vigorous editorials of the journals of to-day, one is impressed with their enterprise and strength. We are amazed at reading at our breakfast-table accounts of an earthquake which happened in Italy or a flood that occurred in China, the night before. But our emotions are mingled when, with our coffee, we are also forced to take the nauseous dose of bull-fights, scandals and murders, which are temptingly inserted between the messages of kings and the obituaries of our friends. Under these circumstances it is with positive pleasure, that we take up and examine a time-stained copy of the *Centinal of the Northwest Territory*, published in 1793 by William Maxwell, which, if not the most brilliant sheet ever issued, was at least clean and honest, and one which could safely be taken into the family circle.

As indicating its size, I will quote W. T.

Coggeshall, a gifted writer of his time, who says: "A wheelbarrow would have moved all the type, cases and stands, which this pioneer establishment contained. The press was constructed entirely of wood, and in order that the paper might be impressed, it was operated very much after the fashion that country boys operate on a cider press." Its policy was decidedly liberal, as can be inferred from its motto,—

"Open to all parties, but influenced by none."

As heretofore suggested, the press of the early and present time are not to be compared. But the former served its purpose well, for it kept the public informed, though in a meager way, of what was happening in the busy world, and its pages afforded a relief to many a heart-throb of literary passion. We of the present have certainly learned that it is not the part of wisdom to despise



LAWRENCE MENDENHALL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

the day of small things, as we enjoy the results of patient toil and successful experiments.

On May 29, 1799, competition broke out in the shape of a rival for public favor,—*The Western Spy* with Joseph Carpenter, a genius in his way, as editor.

Let us imagine if we can, a sheet 12 by 20 inches, upon which was displayed all the news of the day, sometimes from four to eight weeks old. Illustrations, cuts of statesmen, murders, fires and the empty baubles of fashion, found no space in the columns scanned in the days of the pioneers. Just about the time when the swaddling clothes of infancy should have

been laid aside for those of an older character, the *Spy* was caught and executed—on paper, and in 1809 changed its name to the *Whig*.

The *Whig* survived only a few months. Its place was taken by the *Advertiser*, which likewise received such thin nourishment that it too, died in 1811, after a a brief illness.

In December 1804, there appeared a paper as quaint as its title, *The Liberty Hall, and Cincinnati Mercury*. This lived until 1815, when the *Cincinnati Gazette* appeared on the journalistic horizon, and like an ogre literally swallowed the journal, *mercury* and all, with no salivant effects!

Type-foundries had by this time been started, while the Miami Valley was dotted with paper mills, thus placing the material within easy reach. Cincinnati was not alone in the race for public literary favor, for in 1819 the *Miami Weekly Post* appeared in Troy; in 1820, the *Farmer's Friend* opened its list at Williamsburg, and the *Dayton Watchman*, a more pretentious journal, appeared in 1822. Copies of these journals are rare, for they were all short-lived. Many more papers were born, rocked, coddled and nursed, but let the above suffice.

II. Literature may be compared to a mighty river with numerous tributaries and rivulets, flowing on and on, watering the country in its course, until it pours its volume into the vast sea. We have explored one branch; let us now guide our exploring craft up another, and see what we can discover bearing upon our second division—periodicals other than newspapers.

Here we, indeed, find a plethora of good, bad and indifferent literary creations; but in separating the chaff from the grain, many full rich kernels of ripe thought are garnered into the storehouse of knowledge.

It is exceedingly difficult in the examination of the literature of a particular section to avoid encroaching upon foreign territory and to weave in data, irrelevant in one sense, yet connected. We find Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky not only

contributing liberally to home publications, but enriching other sections through the medium of the pen.

The earliest periodical published in the Miami Valley of which I can find any record is the *Literary Cadet*, published weekly in Cincinnati by Dr. Joseph Buchanan. It made its appearance in November, 1819, and, notwithstanding the fact that its quality was fairly good, it died in infancy, aged six months, and its circulation was absorbed by the *Western Spy*. This gave way in 1821 to the *Olio*, published semi-monthly by Messrs. Wood and Brooks, but it did not live long enough to don the clothes of a vigorous childhood, living only one year.

Evidently the failure of others failed to discourage, for on New Year's day, 1824, appeared a new aspirant for recognition from a reading public, the *Literary Gazette*, issued weekly. It had a very modest motto, "Not to display learning, but to excite a taste for it." One magazine a year seems to have been the pace started, for Mr. Foote, the *Gazette* editor said his readers "must part with the year and *Gazette* together, and thus furnish one more instance of the futility of all hopes founded on the anticipated encouragement of those intellectual exertions which contribute to soften and adorn life among a people whose highest ambition seems to be exhausted in acquiring the means of support." Thus with this caustic farewell Mr. Foote's editorial labors ceased, and "not available" was written for the last time, as the manuscript was returned to its author.

Had it not been for its profundity of thought, the magazine might have thrived, regardless of the fact that the East was the hub of the literary wheel. Imagine for a moment a journal intended for a growing community with unsettled tastes, publishing articles on botany, mathematical problems and astronomical theories, even though their authors were persons of literary distinction. Of such contributors as Fitz-Greene, Halleck, Professors Locke, Matthews, Rafanesque, Benjamin and Daniel Drake, any magazine might well be proud. Nevertheless, as we read

and study the light vein through which the literary life blood then pulsated, the articles certainly seem heavy and dyspeptic.

The Cincinnati *Mirror* (1831-36) was quite ambitious in regard to quality, and during its period of publication many meritorious productions appeared in print from the pen of authors afterward famous, such as Thomas H. Shreve, William D. Gallagher, and George D. Prentice.

I desire to call attention to an inaccuracy in Allibone's Dictionary in the matter of the date of the *Western Review*. The fact is, this magazine first sought public favor in May, 1827. The West has never been wanting in cultured readers and authors, and a magazine should have thriven, but even the magnetic genius of James Hall, E. D. Mansfield, or Timothy Flint, its genial and talented editor, failed to attract the iron particles of literary culture; the pen's electric spark failed to kindle enthusiasm, and the magazine was laid to rest at the end of three years. Its creed was contained in one word,—"Simplicity,"—but the effusions contained within fifty-six octavo pages were of a composition quite the contrary. With the disastrous results of other ventures in the line of magazine publication ever before them, it is a just cause for wonderment why experience failed to teach.

There was an influence affecting the sphere of authorship in this section not heretofore mentioned, viz: clubs in which literature played a prominent part.

About this time a club came into existence whose influence upon the literature of the day was of a most potent character. Many of its members had already risen to notoriety in the world of letters, and science. The meetings, held semi-monthly, were instructive to a degree, and the papers contributed evinced high merit. This club, very appropriately named the Semi-colon, was organized in 1832, and lasted about eight years, covering an era of great intellectual energy and progress.

Another organization, which kept the waves upon education's sea in motion, was the Historical and Philosophical

Society of Cincinnati, organized in February, 1849. It was decidedly comprehensive in its field of usefulness, judging from its announcement couched in these words, viz: "Research in every department of local history; collection, preservation and diffusion of whatever may relate to the history, biography, literature, philosophy and antiquities of America, more especially of the State of Ohio, of the West, and of the United States." Under its auspices lectures were given, historical memoirs published, and much valuable work accomplished, until now its collection of manuscripts, relics, etc., has become invaluable to all lovers of history, as well as to antiquarians.

The Literary Club, founded in 1847, is another organization which has done much for literature in this section and it still goes on in its good work.

From June, 1835, until April, 1841, there was published a religious monthly magazine entitled the *Western Messenger*. It was issued in the interest of Unitarianism, and circulated like a missionary among the people of the Ohio Valley and Middle States. Its contributors were persons of eminence, as indicated in the names of W. E. Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Keats, C. D. Drake, William D. Gallagher, and others equally well known.

Professor Venable, in his ably written and interesting book, "Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley," says: "It is a fact noteworthy in the history of letters, that Ralph Waldo Emerson first appeared in print as a poet on the banks of the Ohio. He contributed to the *Western Messenger*, gratis, the poems "Each and All," "The Humble Bee," "Good-Bye, Proud World," and "The Rhodora." Dr. Holmes' poem, "The Parting World," came out about the year 1838. Mr. Bronson Alcott also sent a poem entitled "Psyche; or the Growth of the Soul"; but ere it was published, the soul of the magazine had flown, let us trust, into the Heaven of Literature,—wherever that place may be.

A humorist has said, "Authors are like steam engines; they must let off steam,

or they'll burst the boiler." Be this as it may, undaunted by the failure of predecessors, magazines came and went their way, after the manner of a passing train. They would puff and blow, try to pull up the heavy grades of popular favor, make plenty of smoke and noise, reach the summit, and then rush down into the valley of oblivion, leaving a string of creditors and mourning contributors.

Let me name a few more in addition to those mentioned: *Western Lady's Book* (1840, one number published); *Moore's Lady's Book* (1850-56); *The Parlor Magazine* (1853-55); *The West American Monthly* (1855, three months); *Ladies' Repository* (1841-1876); *Western Literary Journal and Monthly Magazine* (1844-45, seven months); *Quarterly Journal and Review* (1846-47); *Herald of Truth* (1847-48, nineteenth months); *Genius of the West* (1853-56); *Weekly Columbian* (1850-53); and *Pen and Pencil* (1853-54).

Why these failed I cannot tell; but what we all know is that a critic is indeed a peculiar creature, full of whims oft-times, but compelling recognition. It would be wiser for these learned folk to remember that "it is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

The contributors of these magazines were persons of ability, and were they alive would take comfort in the thought that "there is no hell for authors in the next world—they suffer so much from critics and publishers in this." However, they serve a healthy purpose, and literature in every section is improved, purified and lifted to a higher standard by their comments.

For want of time, I have said nothing concerning the medical literature, and of which this section can well be proud. I deem it, however, eminently proper to state that between the time of the first publication of the *Western Quarterly Reporter of Medicine* in 1822, by Dr. John Godman, and 1860, there were published thirty-seven magazines, of which *The Lancet and Clinic* alone remains as a current monthly. This is the successor of the *Observer*, which was started by the writer's father in 1856.

III. But the river flows on. One by one we pass and leave behind the clear and sparkling rivulets, upon whose bosoms the songs and helpful words of many an honored scribe have floated to the ears of listening and admiring thousands. And as these tiny barques join the myriad craft that throng the mighty stream of literature, they for the moment are lost sight of and disappear.

Then "'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that sometimes with the little boat the name of the one who launched it is also lost. "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

The literature of the Miami Valley has always been of such a character as to command respect from the *literati* of the entire country.

This respect deepens, and the associations become more sacred, as one by one the pens are laid aside, and the hands that guided them are stilled in death. Then oftentimes comes the fame so earnestly and patiently striven for during life, and "he lives, who dies to win a lasting name."

I deem it unwise, if not almost impossible, to speak individually of each writer connected with the Miami Valley. Such names as are presented should in no way detract from the honor of those authors, who, while perhaps not upon the lips of men, still live within the inner chambers of the heart.

Throughout, I have confined my descriptions to the press and periodicals of the above named valley. I will pursue the same course as to a few authors, and will curtail still further by limiting these to those who wrote prior to the year 1860. Criticism, as well as selection, naturally partakes more or less of personal likes and dislikes, and therefore, knowing this, I do not present my choice with any feeling of infallibility.

Justly entitled to head the list of honored names, is that of Daniel Drake, the Nestor of Western writers, whose fame as a litterateur and scientist was almost

international. Born of poor parents, and early thrown upon his own resources, his success was all the more a matter of congratulation to his associates, and his writings a revelation to many. Although a physician with an ever growing practice, he found time to gratify his taste for literature in its varied forms. His "Picture of Cincinnati in 1815," has been called the Old Testament of local history, being very complete and true to facts. Another volume much sought after by bibliographers, is "Pioneer Life in Kentucky." His life was a busy one in every walk which goes to make a man an honored and useful member of society, and when the final summons came in 1852, it found him ready. He was tender-hearted to a fault, and his death was mourned by thousands.

We cannot but smother a feeling of sorrow when the name of another Miami Valley author is mentioned. Coming West in February, 1832, James H. Perkins felt his young blood tingle with new life, stimulated by the vigorous and growing community in which he had cast his lot. Engaging in the practice of law, he soon found the work uncongenial, and abandoned it for an author's uncertain career. He applied himself assiduously in various channels of literature; but as a historian, I think he achieved the highest honors. His articles contributed in 1838 to the *North American Review*, his activity in the lecture field on historical subjects, and his book entitled "The Annals of the West," should keep his name before the people.

Of *The Annals of the West*, William H. Channing said: "It is a work whose accuracy, completeness, thoroughness of research, clear method, and graceful perspicuity of style, show his admirable qualifications for an historian." In 1841, he drifted into the ministry, uniting himself with the Unitarian Society. He was much beloved by all; his loyalty, steadfastness of purpose and humility attracting every one to him. On December 14, 1849, he wandered away from his home, and was last seen on a ferry boat; the supposition being that during a fit of ver-

tigo he fell overboard and was drowned. His poem entitled "Spiritual Presence," of which I present two stanzas, certainly shows a noble mind:

"It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head,
Are hovering on noiseless wing
The spirits of the dead.
It is a beautiful belief,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here."

Perhaps this privilege, in the unseen world which lies about us, is now his.

About the summer of the year 1830, there came to the West a young man, just one year over his majority, possessed of a good academic education. He was of decided literary turn of mind, and gave considerable time to his favorite pursuit, as able productions from his pen attest. I refer to Thomas H. Shreve, an associate of Drake, Gallagher, Perkins and Flint. He lived in Cincinnati for eight years, and died in Louisville, Ky., in 1853. George D. Prentice says of him: "His taste was pure, his humor rich, and exuberant, and he could, when he pleased, write with extraordinary vehemence, eloquence and pathos. His principal story "Drayton, an American Tale," published by the Harpers, was favorably reviewed by several leading magazines. In his poem "My first Gray Hair" we catch a fair idea of his humor.

There are two characters of whom not only the Miami Valley, but the entire country, never fails to speak in terms of highest praise. Well they may, for two nobler, sweeter, Christian women never lived, to shed rays of versified sunshine into the homes of many. We read their poems, and at one time our feelings are touched by that pathos which brings tears to our eyes; and at another, supreme joy is awakened as some comforting line is memorized. Is it a wonder that Clover-nook, a quaint, comfortable country home on a dusty turnpike leading out of Cincinnati, should be a Mecca for literary pilgrims? Alice and Phœbe Cary need no further introduction, for their names, homes and poems have become familiar and dear to all, and America is justly

proud of these noble women. Born and nurtured under Nature's bowers of stately elms, and accustomed to sweet melodies from happy birds, they breathe into their poems a pastoral freshness. Their poems are like flying seed in the rushing wind, scattered over the land.

Another name often met with in the Annals of Western Literature is that of Timothy Flint, one of the brightest writers of his time. He was a historian, as well as novelist, with a quick, ready and reliable pen. So well and favorably known was he, that in 1833, he was called to the editorship of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. Writing while in the throes of disease, nevertheless, his writings in their freshness and sweetness were comparable to a summer wind laden with sweet odors. His "Indian Wars of the West" is a small, but able book, and his articles on American Literature written in 1835 for the London *Athenaeum* show a broad, comprehensive and well balanced mind. Enfeebled by disease, his noble spirit flickered like a candle affected by each draught and on August 16, 1840, he answered the call of his Master and was at rest.

Although of Eastern birth (August, 1808), in 1816 William Davis Gallagher came to Cincinnati, and therefore the Miami Valley can justly claim the usufruct from his undoubted literary genius. He was a close student, and in 1824, while yet a printer's devil, published a small paper, his pen furnishing most of the contributions. Mr. Gallagher's merit as a writer, was not recognized until 1828, when his popular articles on travel, etc., first appeared in the Cincinnati *Evening Chronicle*. With a keen appetite for literary pursuits, yet it was not until the year 1831 that he aspired to an editor's chair. In the Cincinnati *Mirror* his opportunity came, and in this semi-monthly quarto much was accomplished, and many articles of genuine merit were published. Since 1835 his abilities have been generously recognized. But it is to the three volumes of "Erato" that he owes his advancement, for some of the compositions can be safely compared with creations in

verse by Longfellow, Lowell or Whittier. His poem on "May" is unusually smooth in rhyme and rhythm. An examination of his works will expose these facts: that his early poems deal with pioneer life; and that his later are pervaded with a humanitarian spirit. He died in 1894, and is buried at Louisville, Ky.

For many years on one of the beautiful highlands surrounding Cincinnati, known as Walnut Hills, there lived a family of which many members have become famous in our religious, literary and national life. There is one particularly, whose life, in all its sweetness, was a psalm of joy to her Maker, and who patiently waited until "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Is it necessary for me to name her? Her name is dear to every lover of freedom and to every freedman. She lived to hear many rise up and call her blessed. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" published in 1852, has done more for the cause of liberty than can be measured by fulsome expression, and when the earthly farewell was spoken by Harriet Beecher Stowe, many tears fell and hearts ached, as the grave claimed its own. Mrs. Stowe's position in the realm of literature is too well known and established, to make a further exposition, and therefore to her richly earned rest, let us leave her.

William Haines Lytle was distinctively a Cincinnati poet, and his verses expose a deep poetic vein in his nature. He is clear cut and terse in his style, and it is fortunate that his verses have been compiled into a volume. The poems which have made him famous are: "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Macdonald's Drummer," and "Sailing on the Sea."

We have but one flag for our country now, but many an empty sleeve and a grave in God's Acre testify that cruel war has done its work. William H. Lytle laid down his life at the head of his troops on the field of Chickamauga. Knowing this, what a tender significance have these his lines:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark the insulting foeman's cry,
They are coming; quick my falchion
Let me front them ere I die."

We all admire a self-made man, for he carries with him a certain degree of dignity and self-reliance, which compel respect. Such a man was Thomas Pierce. Until he was sixteen, he worked on a farm in Pennsylvania, after which he apprenticed himself to a saddle-maker. At the age of twenty-seven, in the year 1813, he came to Cincinnati, becoming one of the active and influential promoters of literature in that then growing city. His satirical odes entitled "Horace in Cincinnati," made him famous, and were afterward published in book form. These can be said to constitute the first volume of Western poetry. The poem which is considered his masterpiece, is "The Muse of Hesperia."

Peyton Short Symmes was an eccentric genius, but nevertheless a composer of poetry of fair quality. His lines on Winter, beginning with—

"The northern blast is loud and shrill,
The streamlet's gurgling voice is still,"

give an idea of his rhythmic abilities.

William Dana Emerson was known as a poet in Cincinnati about the year 1840. He, however, possessed a quality not conducive to notoriety, that of modesty. All his compositions show a chaste imagination, and an aptitude for delicate versification of pastoral themes. This is seen and appreciated when his poems "To the Ohio River," and "The Hills," are read.

Mrs. Helen Truesdell deserves more than a passing notice; "her style was pure and sweet, tinged with a melancholy spirit, which is often rather a charm to poetry than a deficit."

Another natural-born poet was Mrs. Elizabeth O. Hoyt, whose works will stand forth like beautiful stars in the empyrean of literature. Her retiring disposition was a barrier to having her poems published, consequently no complete volume has ever been issued. She was a contributor to many magazines.

For ten years or more, Cincinnati was favored in the presence of a lady whose poems entitle her to a hearty recognition. I refer to Mrs. Rebecca S. Nichols, who came to that city about the year 1840. She breathes into all her creations the breath of a noble life. Particularly is

this felt when "The Lost Soul" is read and studied. About 1842, there appeared a series of sprightly papers, under the *nom de plume* of Kate Cleaveland. Of those papers W. T. Coggeshall says: "When it became known that the mysterious mask was no other than Mrs. Nichols, that lady received an indorsement of literary peerage, as flattering to herself as it had been confounding to her admirers." Mrs. Nichols is best known in the collection of poems known as Songs of the Hearth, and of the Hearthstone, published in 1851.

I can appropriately close these sketches with one of James Hall, a man of great strength in the world of letters. Born in Philadelphia in 1793, it was not until 1820 that he cast his lot with the *litterati* of the West. With the literary fever burning in his veins, he soon started the *Illinois Gazette*, becoming its editor. In the year 1829, he compiled a book much sought for by bibliomaniacs, as a rare volume in Western bibliography, viz: "The Western Souvenir." It was the first annual of the West, and to its pages many of the brightest minds of his section contributed. The *Illinois Gazette* went its way and gave place to the *Illinois Magazine*, which lasted two years. Mr. Hall meantime moved to Cincinnati, where in 1834 he started the *Western Monthly*, an octavo of forty-eight pages. This magazine was fairly prosperous, and conducted by Mr. Hall until 1837, when he forsook literature for banking. Mr. Hall was the author of twelve volumes, and one pamphlet. His *Legends of the West and Tales of the Border* are works comparing favorably with Cooper's works, while his *Romance of Western History* is well thought of.

Let these men and women suffice as eminent examples of the period in which they lived and wrote; but is the lustre of their fame overshadowed or even dimmed by those of to-day? No! the polishing of time but brings out more strongly the lustre, because their works are like pure metal.

The strings of the lyre have scarcely been touched as yet, but harmonious sounds fill the air about us like a glorious symphony.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

THE VAGRANT OF CASER MINE.*

BY HELEN FRANCES CLUTE.

PART FIRST.

I.

IN ANGUS one feels shut in from the world. All traffic with the outside world is effected by means of tunnels through the mountains which surround the valley of Lyall in the outlines of a horse-shoe. Except towards the west, a drive of ten miles in any direction brings you into some beautiful cañon, flower-filled in summer and fragrant with pines and hanging-moss in winter. Brilliant-hued sunsets die away behind the snowy range of mountains fifty miles to the westward; and in all directions there is a circle of massive gray walls within which night quickly glides in sable mantle, star-bordered.

It was New Year's day. Great flakes of snow filled the air. The little town of Angus was wrapped in spotless white. With hoary heads towering above the drifting snow-cloud, the mountains stood, encircling the little village, hemming it in from the rest of the world, and calling to mind the words of the psalmist,—“As the mountains are round about Jerusalem.”

Like most other western towns that have survived the “bloom and boom” period, Angus had its peculiar system of caste. The high caste villager had his name enrolled upon the church books. He who once came to Montana a refugee from justice, to begin life anew as a pioneer saloon-keeper, now stood erect a substantial pillar of the church—a pillar,—‘yea, the very bone and sinner,’ as he was wont to say in moments of retrospection and self-gratulation.

In general, the low caste Westerner haunts the streets by day and by night.

*Awarded the Original Story Prize in THE MIDLAND'S April Competition.

He hangs about the doors of saloons and beer halls, cares naught for the “purifying blood,” but struggles and steals for the necessary food. Grace in the heart when the stomach is empty! Divine light in the soul when the darkness of penury and want surrounds! The paradoxes of life are too great for their finite minds, and hungry men turn deaf ears to Sabbath bells.

II.

The streets were rife with people. Shops were open; bells were ringing before dingy little lunch counters, and, to usher in the New Year, the hospitable saloon-keeper had opened wide his doors, through which came the sound of music, mingled with laughter and the clinking of glasses. Warmth, too, stole out into the chilly streets and even the “bone and sinner” of the church was tempted to linger before the saloon as he picked his virtuous path with his gold-headed cane.

The windows of a once prosperous gambling house were gay with Christmas greens. Dainty lace curtains were caught back to disclose the inviting interior. Across the sidewalk, before the door, was an arch of freshly gathered pines into which had been woven the greeting, “Happy New Year!” while above it hung a Maltese cross, tied with red and white.

A placard hung at the door:

EPWORTH LEAGUE DINNER.	
\$.35.	
ALL ARE INVITED!	
Oysters, stewed, - - - - -	\$.25
fried, - - - - -	.30
raw, - - - - -	.20
Cream and Cake, - - - - -	.15

Within, tables were spread for dinner. Flowers and ferns hung lovingly over snowy damask. Silver and china gleamed through the immense windows and festoons of green hung lavishly around the walls. Neither money nor pains had been spared. The Epworth League never did things by halves. The menu was elaborate. The ladies in charge of the tables had been chosen from the élite. Prosperous gamblers, society roués, butchers, barbers and clergymen,—all had been served. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow; the cash box is filling! The church debt with which the League has embarrassed itself is about to be lifted!"

This liberal patronage was really a necessity, for the church people of Angus had not distinguished themselves by their generosity this time. Contributions to the dinner had been comparatively small. The winter was a hard one even for the well-to-do farmers; and the turkeys that smoked in the kitchen had been purchased in the market, not donated, as heretofore. The waiters were numerous, and few of them paid for their dinner. Thirty-five cents was not much, but it was noticeable that most of those who were in attendance upon the tables ate late and, though they fared sumptuously, "forgot" to buy the regulation meal ticket from the cashier.

III.

Around the main entrance to the hall all is excitement. Boys are running hither and thither; young ladies, in airy lace draperies and silk, whisper anxiously one with another; something serious is evidently the matter.

"What is it, Miss Bemis?" asked a tall, stately girl in black. Her gown, set off by white linen collar and cuffs, fitted to perfection her slender form, and the shining waves of her blue-black hair were caught in a careless coil low on her shapely head. A red rose nestled among the braids, and, as she raised her hand to her brow with a tired, nervous movement, there was a flash from the dia-

monds and rubies which glittered on her delicate fingers.

"Oh, I don't know what to do. There's a man at the door who's just come in for his dinner. He says he's hungry, but he has no money. What shall I do?" inquired Katherine Bemis, the mainspring of the enterprise, and a girl who was always alluded to as one "beautifully consecrated."

"Do!" exclaimed Edith Ward, drawing herself to her full height, while a red wave surged up into the pale cheeks, "Send him to our table and I will pay for his dinner."

"Oh, very well. If you'll pay for him it's all right; but I didn't feel I could give him his dinner without consulting with the League as to the expediency of such an act. You see, we want to clear a hundred dollars, Miss Ward, and we can't do that and feed all the tramps who apply."

Edith Ward tingled with indignation. Christian work, so-called, was new to her; she was but a "babe in Christ," as the meek little mistress of the manse called her. Here was something unique! A Christian organization hesitating to give bread to the hungry—and on New Year's day! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," sounded so well last Sabbath, when Katherine Bemis led the League.

She turned toward the door and saw, standing cap in hand, a man of middle height, head down, lips compressed, eyes shifting and dark with suppressed humiliation and anger. His trousers were of brown corduroy, while a curiously woven jacket, half suggestive of the miner, covered his broad shoulders. Even in the haste of the moment, Edith Ward had time to note his cleanliness and gentlemanly bearing.

"Follow me, please," she said, and led him to a corner seat at her table.

He slouched into the seat without looking at her and inspected the board with the quick glance of one long accustomed to public eating houses.

Hastening into the rear of the building, Edith soon returned with a delicate china plate heaped high with turkey, steaming hot. Putting it before him she settled her dainty embroidered apron, and standing back of his chair, demurely asked, "Do you wish your coffee now, or with your dessert?"

"Now, please," he answered with a momentary gleam of astonishment darting from between the half-closed lids.

Having served her guest with the modest assiduity of a good housewife, she re-seated herself at the table, where she was eating her own dinner when the commotion at the door arrested her attention. Here she was soon joined by her friend, Marie Temple, and a young fellow whom she addressed as "John," a senior in the high school, over which institution Edith Ward presided as principal.

"Oh, I'm ravenously hungry! I arose so late this morning, in consequence of last night's dissipation, that I couldn't eat a thing; but at this particular moment"—and the white, even teeth tore energetically at a bit of celery held in her dainty hand,—“I could eat a roast pig entire, and still feel hungry!”

The laugh that arose at this remark died away suddenly as the voice of the stranger broke in impulsively, "I didn't eat any breakfast either,—but for a different reason. I took my meals in a box car yesterday and the fare was not remarkable for either quantity or quality. I wonder if I'm fated to pass the year in this way,"—he added, looking nervously around the group but speaking to no one in particular.

The deep-toned bitterness, the sullen gleam in the nervous eyes, the hidden pathos in the query came home to Edith with strange force.

"You will pardon me if I ask to tell you a story," she said to the tramp, who was again engrossed in the contents of his plate.

The eyes of the man shifted uneasily in her direction. "Certainly," he said, with the bored air of a society gentleman.

"A man, now a member of the legisla-

ture of P—, and recently senatorial nominee on the Democratic ticket, told my friend Marie the following story:

"I had run away from home. I had lived the life of a prodigal from early boyhood. I had lost my last dollar, disgraced my family and broken my mother's heart. Having stolen a ride into R— by means of a box car, I found myself with fifteen others in an eating house near the station. I was interrogated by a policeman as to my lodging for the night; I answered that I had no money and nowhere to go. On receiving this reply the officer marched me to the police station where I was arrested for vagrancy and locked up for the night. With morning and liberty came a resolution to begin life anew. Three years from that time I sat as police-judge in the very room in which I had myself been tried; four years from that time I was a successful, practicing attorney in the city of R—, and five years from that time I entered the legislative halls of P—. That is the story; the point is here:—What one can do can be done by another. A man with health, determination and pluck can live down *any* past, however questionable. You wonder whether you will spend the year thus; it rests with you to determine. If you are in the depths, lift yourself out. The world does not owe a man the living which he will not earn. If you are honest you will confess that it is largely your own folly which has brought you to this. Is it not true?"

"Oh," he replied laughing recklessly, "the fact is I have never learned the value of a dollar. When I have money, I know how to spend it.—But I'm not such an awfully bad man," he added with a gleam of amusement in his dark eyes.

"I do not think you are, but you have indulged in most vices peculiar to men. You drink a little; you can play a game of poker fairly well."

"Oh, come now; I never was drunk in my life. You don't know what you are talking about. Your ideas of life have been gotten from novels, not from experience. It is impossible that you should

know the causes which combine to pull a man down. It is not one thing; it is a hundred things; it is fate. Your God brings us into the world against our wishes. Through no volition of our own we are hurried out of it. He moves us over the chess-board of life and we are helpless in His hands. Here He plays a man for king, there for knave. To amuse the Omnipotent Being you worship, I live and suffer. If it were not that I have enough intelligence to fear death, I would end it all; but that other life, it may be worse than this."

"Have you always lived in the West? Are you by birth a Western man?" Edith asked, rather irrelevantly for the man was getting beyond her depths when he talked of fatalism—which once was one of her own favorite theories.

"My home was in Ohio."

"Is your mother alive and living there?"

"Yes."

"Then go home to her."

"Yes, my relatives would greet me proudly!" And he glanced down at his clothes as though they alone were sufficient to prove the idea impracticable.

"However low a man may sink, he can not go beyond the reach of his mother's helping hand. Whatever his crime, whatever his disgrace, the mother love reaches out after him. There is no one in the world who will ever love you as does your mother."

"Yes, but even that is selfish love; she loves me because I am a part of herself," replied the man with angry bitterness. "Besides,"—with a laugh,—*"they haven't heard from me for so long that they must think me dead."*

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the girl, her big black eyes softening with recollections of her own dear mother and tears unbidden trembling on the lashes. "So long as life lasts, mother-love lasts. Let silence of years fall around her, and at night in her prayers or in her dreams, a mother holds out loving arms to the son she has lost. Write to your mother. Leave this mountain-land where sinning is so easy and reforming so hard. Go

back to the East where a poor man can at least earn bread."

"A veritable prodigal son!" he sneered.

"But there was a ring and a robe for him," chimed in the sweet voice of Marie Temple, who had been a silent auditor at the table.

At this, the flood-gates of suppressed bitterness and agony gave way and a torrent of abuse poured forth. Christianity was a farce; church-members knew no love, no kindness, except for those of their own denomination. They were "brothers" and "sisters" to the poor who paid for the support of their well-sounding gospel; but there was no crime which church or justice recognized except poverty. Morality was naught but the forced growth of environment. Those men were moral who could afford to be protected and guarded by wealth and luxurious creature comforts.

"Even you," he added, "are what you are only because you have been protected. Environment has made you."

The girl's head dropped in shame.

"Yes," she answered with lips trembling, she scarcely knew why, "I am *not* responsible for what I am. I am what my mother has made me."

Minutes lengthened into hours and, a target for many curious eyes, the two still sat, oblivious to all but themselves; the man maddened by adversity and weary of harvesting tares; the woman didactic, kindly sympathetic, almost tender.

At last he rose; and with him rose the two girls. Edith Ward followed him to the door, hesitated, blushed and extended her hand. "Good-bye. I trust you will find employment. I hope you will determine to begin life anew. I wish you a Happy New Year."

IV.

Out into the cold he walked, head erect, eyes flashing with new hopes and resolutions. The warm meal, the sympathetic interest, the hard truths the girl had driven home to him in her kindly, straightforward way, acted as a cordial to the heart-sick, lonely man.

To him the slender woman in black was a creature from another world. The fragrance of mignonette floated to him over the intervening years. Again he was a bareheaded boy in his mother's garden. Butterflies wantoned in the summer air. A bit of a prayer flitted across his mental horizon—"Lead us not into temptation." Then all grew misty before his tear-filled eyes and the deep voice of Edith Ward sounded in his ears:—"Before you can down the world, you must down the devil that is within you."

The early twilight settled upon the little town. Street lamps began to glitter like tiny fireflies, and still he walked up and down before the brightly lighted hall, through the window of which he caught one last glimpse of a dark curly head and its nestling red rose.

What a cur he had been; how surly! He had not even thanked her for her kindness! What could she think of him! If only he knew her name! Happy thought, for just then he saw approaching him the lad who was with her at the table.

"Pardon me," he said, accosting the astonished youth, "can you tell me the name of that lady who paid for my dinner? I would like to remunerate her for her kindness. I expect to go to work down at Caser, in the coal mine, and, if you'll tell me her name, I'll return the money I owe her."

"Oh, that's all right. She isn't that kind!" said the boy with rude impetuosity. "She wouldn't take pay for a little thing like that!"

"Will you tell her for me that I thank her and appreciate her generosity? Tell her that her kind words did more for me than the warm dinner of which I stood so much in need."

Then man and boy separated and the stream of life flowed on. Bells jingled, sleighs dashed by in the dimly lighted streets and New Year's night, with its revel and ring, came on apace.

V.

Next day a new man began work in the Caser Mine and next day a certain

black-eyed girl sat for two hours before her fire, looking into its glowing depths and dreamily recalling the words of her vagrant guest.

She was a queer girl, Edith Ward; so all her friends said in deprecatory tones, and so she confessed to herself oftentimes when, in moments of retrospection, she followed her favorite pastime of ethical analysis.

Born of excellent parents; taught from childhood to consider herself of somewhat superior clay, she had grown to womanhood with peculiar notions regarding the human race. It is true she was utterly indifferent to the conventionalities of her little world, but she enjoyed society and got out of it much amusement which was lost upon minds less alive to the incongruous and the absurd. She established a caste system of her own, somewhat after the English order. At the top of her social scale she placed people of inherent culture, or scholarly attainments; next, with confessed snobbery on her part, came the wealthy and aristocratic of unquestioned antecedents; at the bottom were the veterinarians, barbers, bakers and butchers whose wives she occasionally met here in the West. These she always viewed with a species of amused contempt. "Mrs. F, the butcher's wife, always reminded her of pig's feet and onions," so she said.

As to tramps, beggars and criminals—O well, these outcasts were only indigent to prisons and almshouses; *they* were wholly outside of her sphere.

She was naturally romantic; but her entire life, thus far, had been spent in curbing this tendency,—concealing it, if possible, from even her intimate friends and relatives.

As a result, we find her, at twenty-five, brilliant, sarcastic, stoical upon the surface, with the air of a woman of the world. Underneath, she was a volcano. Marie Temple called her fiery, but could not explain the application of the term. All the pent-up ardor and passion, all the tenderness and sympathy of the school-girl were concealed behind the

cynicism and repartee of the thoroughly disciplined woman.

She was a teacher from choice, not from necessity. Her father, a wealthy banker in Illinois, belonged to that class who think that education and the broader culture of college life serve only to unfit woman for her natural career. After completing the four years' work of the Aurora high school, Edith announced her intention of becoming a teacher. Without the assistance of her father, but with his reluctant consent, she secured a position in a country school not many miles from the city's limits. Here she taught for two years, though her parents earnestly besought her to give up this drudgery and return to the comforts of her own home. With frequent experiences in self-denial, she managed to save sufficient money to take her through the Cook County Normal School. She graduated from that institution, taught four years in the Aurora public schools and developed into a woman with ambitions and aims of which her friends never dreamed.

Just why the spirit of restlessness should again seize upon her no one knew; but Edith became imbued with a wild desire to see the West, that land of mountains, millionaires and movers. A school friend, Marie Temple, invited her to Montana, and while visiting in the beautiful home of Henry Temple, attorney-at-law, Edith accepted the principalship of the Angus high school.

VI.

Perhaps the wilds of Montana would have proven less attractive to Edith had it not been for one of those experiences so peculiarly a part of college life. Five years prior to Edith's western visit, she had met, for the first time, a man to whom she had been strangely drawn.

He was not a handsome man. Ernest Knoeffler was an original genius; that is all that could be said of him in praise. He was an ugly duckling, and Edith



MISS HELEN FRANCES CLUTE, BOZEMAN, MONT.

dreamed wild dreams of the time when he would show his swan-like plumage. Perhaps the transition period was too long; perhaps Edith learned that the swan-grace was lacking: they parted.

Just what separated them after an engagement of three years' duration, was a matter of mere surmise; but suddenly, without a moment's warning, Ernest set sail for Germany, where with restless ardor he entered into the study of philosophy in the University of Jena.

Edith packed her trunks and boarded the Northern Pacific for Angus. Here a new life began. Separated from all she held dear, at times painfully conscious of her isolation, Edith Ward naturally and easily turned to the only source of comfort available. Religion took hold upon her as a fragrant flower strikes its fragile rootlets into the rocky sides of a sun-illuminated cañon. She did not accept orthodoxy in all its so-called simplicity. She did not shut her mental eyes and say, "I believe." She accepted God in all His goodness but to her theologically untutored mind church doctrines and religious creeds had little to do with the soul's salvation. She believed in the

Gospel of Works. She allied herself with the young people of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was soon a recognized leader and energetic worker.

Thus it came about that Edith Ward as a member of the Epworth League found herself on a stormy New Year's day sitting opposite a tramp and quietly eating her dinner in company with him.

Days passed. It was noticed that Edith Ward had changed. A listless sadness pervaded all she did. A subtle tenderness breathed forth in all she said.

When her voice was heard in prayer one might have noted the unwonted magnanimity of the girl in the piteous petitions which she voiced in favor of the poor and homeless, the wanderer and the wayward. To her friend Marie she talked incessantly of her tramp. Marie listened in half-suspicious sympathy and pondered the change in her once haughty Edith. Like a wise little soul and a judicious friend, she said nothing—"Edith always was queer."

VII.

Two weeks later the Secretary of the Epworth League found in his mail box an envelope which he opened with fear and trembling. It seemed to the good young man that the devil was very near him, for upon the large sheets of paper was the heading—"James & Rooney, Dealers in Wines, Liquors and Tobacco, Caser, Montana." The letter read:

CASER, Montana, January 14, 18—.
 Epworth League, Angus, Montana:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I wish to call your attention to a little incident that occurred on the 1st inst.; memorable to me and I should think gratifying to you.

During the progress of the dinner which you gave upon the above date, having no money, but blessed with an aggravating and aggravated appetite, I asked for something to eat and was kindly invited to sit down.

Now, while I appreciated the dinner, you may imagine my surprise upon finding myself engaged in an argument as to cause and effect with a Miss Louise Thompson, a teacher, and perhaps one of the most forceful logicians I have ever met.

I am susceptible to the influence for good which such strong minds, pure hearts and ideal souls as her's can exert; and she remains no less a lady for having inspired a *tramp* with renewed hope and a renewal of faith in human kind.

If the League possesses many such members I predict for it a phenomenal success. Even I am almost persuaded to become a Christian; for I shall not always tarry at Kadesh-Barnea.

I send this in grateful acknowledgment of a graceful action, which you as a body may not have become acquainted with otherwise; believing, as I do, that the world would be happier and better if there were accorded to us, while living, credit for our nobler qualities without waiting till after what is called death to erect perishable monuments, transcribed on which, in a general sense, are our good deeds.

It is not to one's family and intimates that one applies in a time of need. Pride prevents that. Self-consciousness and shame at one's inability to succeed in the struggle of life are barriers that close communication with home and friends.

Perhaps like Ponce de Leon, I am pursuing a fruitless search, but if I succeed, in any humble sphere, in finding employment I purpose to return to Miss Thompson the \$35 expended by her.

Her expression of warm, womanly sympathy was such as to make me, a vagrant, feel wealthy; and such disinterested Christian acts as her's will be recorded in letters of gold in the Book of Life.

If by this, her inspiration, I succeed in dragging myself out of the depths, believe me, you will hear again from—
 A VAGRANT.

This letter, mysterious as it was and savoring of sin, was duly read before the Epworth League, and the unknown Miss Thompson became the topic of many fruitless inquiries.

Edith Ward was more than usually "souful" that night, and her prayers for the wanderer were so remarkably spiritual that the good sisters congratulated the pastor on "the work of grace which was being wrought in Sister Ward's heart."

VIII.

In the bowels of the earth from dawn till dark the clang of the picks resounded. Here a miner worked away, whistling at his task and thinking of home and the baby; here another growled and swore as the heavy cars were pushed along the track toward the upper air; here a third sounded the stone walls with ponderous thuds and, blind to the dirt and the dampness, indifferent to air or to food, saw only the fair, patrician face and heard only the bell-like tones of beautiful Edith Ward. Every thud of his hammer was for her. Every week, like a miser over his hoard, he looked at the record of his earnings and counted them again and again. When the day was done and he could lie down upon his hard couch for the night he would whisper, "For her, for her! Some day I shall see her again; some day I shall hear her voice; some day I will prove to her that I am more a man than she thought me."

Winter passed and June with its warm and fragrant breath swept down into the valley.

Brooks, awakened from their half-slumber, sang merrily on their way. Forget-me-nots made the foot-hills blue as a baby's eyes, and the wild rose peeped forth, an early promise of beauty and sweetness.

Along the winding mountain roads a phaeton rapidly wheeled; now it curved around the foot of a pine-clad promontory; now it rolled over a rocky road bordering a precipice, and then it disappeared behind a sage-covered hill, as if the ground had opened to swallow up horse, phaeton and occupants.

Five miles through Rocky Cañon brought them into the more level country beyond, and the smoke of the miners' "shacks" curled hazily into view.

Still haunted by the memory of her New Year's guest, Edith Ward was unable to tear herself away from the vicinity of Caser without attempting to learn whether he was yet employed in the coal mine there. She did not ask herself why she felt this interest in an unknown man, an outcast—a tramp and perhaps a thief! She had ceased indulging in introspection. Edith Ward had seemed of late to be "backsliding"—so the "pillars of the Church" surmised. There was a recklessness in her attitude toward religion—a seeming disbelief in the efficacy of prayer.

To-day, under pretense of taking "one last view in the cañon," she had inveigled Marie into this perilous adventure. It required skill to drive a Western pony over these dangerous roads, for the Northern Pacific curved along for some distance parallel with the road but far below it, and at any moment a fiery monster might come thundering up from behind.

It was time for the noon train from the East, and the girls cast anxious glances over their shoulders. Hardly was the thought formulated when the long, shrill whistle of the on-coming engine sounded in the ears of the frisky little broncho. One snort of surprise and horse and girls were flying down the road,—racing against steam. Edith lost all control. With bit between his teeth the little brute was tearing over rocks, stumps and broken bridges—snorting like a wild animal; the bad blood of the thoroughbred broncho fully aroused. On they went; a bend in the road, and then,—Oh, heavens! Unless some power could stop them, horse and engine must meet upon the crossing! A new dash, a jerk, and—all became dark to Edith. When she opened her eyes she found herself lying on the warm grass by the roadside, under the shade of a giant pine. Some one was holding a cup of water to her lips and Marie was fondling her hands.

END OF PART I.

(To be concluded in THE MIDLAND for September.)



THE OTHER DAY.

THE other day, no matter when, or how, or where,
I breathed a wish upon the air,—
A heartfelt prayer of burdened care.

The other day, no matter how, or where, or when,
An answering joy came back again,
With heaven's kiss and brought me bliss.

Harriet L. Dutcher.

A TRAGEDY OF THE PLAINS.

BY LOUISE MARTIN HOPKINS.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS early morning. The dew had not yet dried from the grass on the hillsides sloping away from the sun. A horseman loped easily up and down the long swells of grass-clad hills. He followed no path, and the pony's feet left a waving line of dark green where they brushed the moisture from the crisp grass blades.

The rider sat his pony negligently, after the manner of western horsemen, his long legs dangling within a foot of the ground. His eyes had that peculiar contraction of the lids almost invariably seen in persons accustomed to sighting at long range, and were the only remarkable features in a lean, clean-shaven face, which was covered by a skin so like fine parchment that the play of every muscle was visible.

Presently, striking into a faint wagon-trail, which he followed for a short distance, the rider abruptly drew rein, his pony's head directly within the low, sagging doorway of a sod-house.

Stooping, to gain a view of the interior, he called out a cheery "Hello!"

A young girl came forward and answered his greeting with a quiet, "Good morning, Hank."

"We're in a tremendous muss up at the Dragon's Head, Myra," said the reckless rider of the pony, drawing his face down long in ludicrous burlesque of despair; at the same time incidentally removing his broad-brimmed, white felt hat.

"Yes, of course; you always are in a muss up there. What is it this time? Lost the brand? Cattle mired in the quicksand, or what?" There was a delicious, mocking light in the girl's gray eyes as she flung the words at him.

The man threw one leg over the pommel of his saddle and sat sidewise. He was enjoying himself thoroughly. "Worse yet. Guess again, Myra."

But the girl would not guess again. She looked him defiantly in the face for a moment, then her eyes fell beneath his ardent gaze.

"Well, what is it, then?" she demanded, after an embarrassing silence in which the young man contrived to make his presence oppressively evident. "Anything serious?"

"Evidently, or I shouldn't be here." The young man straightened himself, and, apparently repenting of his levity, began to stroke the pony's mane with the handle of the quirt, which hung from the saddle bow.

"It's Mrs. Chrisholm. She's been taken with rheumatism again; in her ankles this time, and I wanted you or your mother to come and look after the old lady. We ain't professionals, Tom and I, in the nurse line, and she's having it pretty rough, up there alone."

The look of coquetry vanished from the girl's eyes, and was replaced by one of concern. The change of expression altered her whole appearance, changing her from a saucy, merry girl, into something very like a woman. She turned to her mother, who stood listening in the back part of the room, and repeated what the visitor had said.

Mrs. Warren came to the door and spoke to the young man from beneath the limp folds of a checked gingham sun-bonnet. So much of her time was spent in the shadeless dooryard, exposed to sun and wind and dust, that to wear this head-covering had become second nature to Mrs. Warren. The strings had long since been wrenched away by the incessant, prairie wind, and the corners of the skirt, brought forward and tied snugly beneath her chin, served the purpose of the missing members.

"Tom and I've been sort of batchin' it for three days," went on the young man,

this time addressing Mrs. Warren, "and you can imagine that things are cross-ways; dirty dishes everywhere, heaps and stacks of 'em. Tom shoved a lot under the stove just before I left. Said he was sick of the sight of 'em. You may not believe it Mrs. Warren, but we couldn't find a thing for breakfast this morning but a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil!"

Mrs. Warren laughed. Not a muscle in Myra's face moved, but the light in her eyes flashed back again from sympathy to derision. It was what the young man had been watching for, and he continued with perfect imperturbability.

"So I started out bright and early this morning to get one of you to drag the Dragon's Head ranch out of the deep, deep sea. There's—"

"You'll have to go, Myra," interrupted Mrs. Warren. "Your father's going to finish planting the trees this afternoon, and I'll have to be here. How soon do you want her to come?" she asked turning to Hank.

"Just as soon as I can get home, hitch a team to the wagon, and come back for her."

"No, don't do that," said Myra, "I'll walk. It's only two miles. No," she insisted, upon Hank's protest, "I'd lots rather walk. You go on and tell Mrs. Chrisholm that I'll be right along."

Hank gathered up his reins and cantered away.

CHAPTER II.

The Warrens were homesteaders. That tells the whole story. It goes without saying that they were very poor. Ambition, and a laudable desire to own a bit of land, a slice of the big earth, even if ever so small, as an inheritance for their two children, had driven them from a rented farm in the East, to take up a claim on the fertile, but alas, almost rainless, plains of Western Nebraska.

Time and again they had planted in the fair promise of springtime. Time and again they had watched the corn wither, and with it their hopes, as the summer waned and the sun shone hot,

and the pitiless winds clashed the dry blades together like swords, and wrenched them from the barren stalks, and piled them in huge drifts, with tumble weeds and thistles, in the draws and cuts and dry water holes.

The man, easy and improvident, would have given up the fight and returned to old haunts and associates in the East. But the woman would not. She had in her the stuff that goes to the making of a pioneer.

And while the cruel experience developed a character at once strong and noble in the woman, its influence had weighed in a contrary direction with the man. His ambition was gone, his life was a sullen acceptance of ill-fortune. Had it not been for the employment which the ranchmen gave him from time to time, the family would often have been destitute.

Chief among these ranchmen, and the one most interested in the Warren family, was Henry Berkely (or Hank, as he was familiarly called). Of Scotch-English descent, he had, five years before, established a large ranch on the south fork of the Platte River, near the Warren homestead.

The affairs of this ranch (The Dragon's Head, so called from its brand, which bore on its face the astronomical sign of the dragon's head,) had prospered, and at thirty the proprietor was justly looked upon as the wealthiest and most popular man of the region.

He had boarded with the Warrens the first summer, while he was overseeing the construction of the buildings at the ranch, and had become familiar with all the vicissitudes of their daily life. He respected the mother for her integrity of purpose, and he had been a boon-companion to the merry, thirteen-year-old daughter, whose isolation had deprived her almost wholly of the companionship of children of her own age. He had petted and teased and romped with her, and she, in her turn, had taught him many things, had given him pointers on riding and hunting and blizzards; for of

all the ways of the plains Myra was past-mistress. He still teased her unmercifully, but the petting and romping were of the past. They were given up when Myra's gowns were lengthened, and the fraternal affection with which he had then regarded her had deepened into a pure, absorbing love.

CHAPTER III.

At the ranch-house Myra found a condition of affairs which justified Hank's description. Mrs. Chrisholm, the elderly Swede who had kept house for Hank ever since the ranch was established, was helpless, and gave little promise of improvement; a move from her chair to the bed being a very painful operation. To her Myra's presence was a blessing; to Hank it was satisfying. But it was a busy time. Even if Myra's reserve had not forbidden it, there was little time for love-making. It was the season of the spring round-up, and shipments of cattle were being made every few days. There were anywhere from three to ten men to cook for and, with Mrs. Chrisholm to look after, Myra's hands were full. Her opportunities for seeing her mother were limited; but sometimes, of an evening, she would slip away and spend an hour at home.

On one such occasion, after having been at the ranch three weeks, Myra started for the sod house two miles away. She left Mrs. Chrisholm comfortably seated in her arm-chair, everything needful within reach, busily employed cutting bandages for her afflicted limbs from a strip of flannel; her square jaws working spasmodically with every effort of the dull shears to sever the soft material.

These walks were Myra's delight. She loved the plains. They were to her what the fatherland is to the German or the gray steppe to the Russian. She loved the unbroken sky-line and the swelling earth that sprang up to meet her light footsteps. Every blade of grass and stunted flower she enfolded within her heart and cherished with the brooding love a mother gives to a mis-shapen child.

The family were at supper when Myra arrived. Seated at table with them was a young man whom Myra greeted with a look of cold surprise and a slight inclination of her head. She then went to the farthest end of the room and sat down.

The man resented her coldness; his coarse face flushed hotly and he slouched his heavy shoulders over the table in sullen silence.

Reta, Myra's younger sister, left the table and came close to her side. Myra wound her arms about the child and held her in a mute embrace.

The meal was concluded in silence, and the two men, pushing their chairs back with loud scrapings over the bare floor, took up their hats and left the house.

As soon as they were out of sight, Myra lifted her head and looked at her mother. There was a smouldering anger in her eyes which voiced itself in the question, "What's he doin' here?"

Mrs. Warren hastily began to set away the dishes. She was nervous, and, for a moment, avoided her daughter's angry glance. She evidently regarded the question as an accusation, and met it with a defiance which was purely self-defensive. Then her manner changed. "It ain't *my* fault that he's here, Myra," she said, apologetically. "I didn't ask him; I don't believe anybody invited him; he just come. He's been hangin' round for three days. Says he's got a job over at Hiltnor to work on an irrigation ditch they've started over there, and he wants your father to go in with him and take a contract for part of the work."

Myra smiled contemptuously.

"I'd like to see Frank Owen get a contract for anything," she said. "He never did an honest day's work in his life, and he never will. Is father goin' in with him?"

"I don't know yet. Seems like he'll have to do somethin' pretty soon."

There was a hopeless droop to her mother's lips as she spoke, and a despondency in her whole bearing which

Myra had never seen there before. Every struggle and hardship of her life was recorded in the seamed face and bent form. Her hands were as toilworn and knotted as a man's.

A great lump swelled the girl's white throat as she noted these things, but she forced it away and asked quietly, "Where's Frank been all this time?"

"He says he's been out in Montany; been workin' on a big horse ranch out there,—foreman, I guess. He told your father he'd been gettin' big wages all winter."

"Yes, that's a likely story!" exclaimed Myra, indignation again mastering her discretion. "If he had such a good job out there what'd he come back here for? And if he had so much money why didn't he send some of it to his poor old mother and half-witted brother? They'd have starved and froze to death last winter if the neighbors hadn't carried 'em in victuals, and the trainmen hadn't shoveled 'em coal off the freight cars. I don't believe he's been in Montany, at all."

Mrs. Warren did not argue the matter, and for a time they talked of other things. A trip to Hiltner was projected and Reta was made happy by the promise that she should accompany Myra and choose a new gown for herself.

Outside, the long summer twilight deepened and Myra arose to go. She bade her mother good-bye cheerfully, but at the door she turned and said seriously, "Mother, I wish you'd try and persuade father to have nothing to do with Frank Owen. He's a rascal, and he'll get us all into trouble, sure, if this goes on."

"I'll do my best, Myra," said her mother, gently, "you know that."

Myra did know, but she was troubled nevertheless. She knew the fellow's crafty, brutal nature better than her mother knew it, and she feared his influence over her father's weaker mind; besides, she had reason to despise the creature on her own account. Eight months before he had asked her to marry him, and, after a burst of profane fury at her contemptuous refusal, had left the

neighborhood, — Myra had fervently hoped, forever. Now some unlucky chance had brought him back, and he had, with what she called "characteristic cheek," domiciled himself in the very midst of her family.

CHAPTER IV.

It was now quite dark. To shorten the distance to the ranch, Myra took advantage of a short cut which led over a deep draw and up a steep ascent. Suddenly she became aware of a strong scent of tobacco smoke in the air. Directly in front of her stood an old shed. It had once been used as a shelter for cattle, but was now abandoned and falling to decay. The night wind bore the scent and the sound of voices, from the other side of the shed. Myra knew at once that it was her father and Frank Owen. They had come to this quiet spot to smoke and talk. What should she do? She did not want them to see her. If she went on she would have to pass directly in front of them. If she stood still they would see her when they retraced their steps. It was too late to turn back and take the long road to the ranch.

"They will go in a few minutes," she murmured beneath her breath, "I'll go inside and wait."

She glided noiselessly through the narrow entrance and stood motionless. She was almost afraid to breathe lest her presence should be discovered.

The frame of the shed was of cottonwood poles. Over these prairie hay had been thrown to form the roof and sides. The roof was intact, but at the sides the hay had decayed and settled until it reached but half way to the roof, leaving an open space at the top through which the voices of the two men came with more or less distinctness.

So engrossed was Myra in keeping her own presence undiscovered, that, for a time, she paid no attention to what the two men were saying. The first words that caught her ear, with any meaning, were in Owen's thick voice, raised high in angry insistence.

"Thinks he c'n run this hull damned country, don't he? He'll know a lot more before I git through with him."

"It's too risky," said her father, evidently in response to some previous remark. "Better let such business alone."

"I tell you we c'n do it," said Owen, "we c'n sneak in there some night and run off a bunch o' cattle 's easy 's rollin' in a prairie-dog hole."

"Yes, and git strung up for it, too. They'd hang you to the first telegraph post they'd come acrost, if they'd ever ketch you."

"But they hain't agoin' to ketch me. You jest listen, and I'll put you on the neatest scheme you ever heard of."

Her father muttered something which Myra could not hear, and Owen proceeded to unfold his scheme, to which she listened with a horrible fascination.

"You know Berkely has bought Chapman's ranch. Chapman is goin' back East this fall, but he's goin' to keep some of the stock down there till Berkely c'n find a man that suits him to put in his place. Now, Chapman's ranch is fifteen miles from here, and Berkely'll probably spend considerable time there while he's gittin' things in shape—stay all night 's often 's not, an' while he's gone we'll git in our work. I confess I wouldn't like to risk it with Berkely there, or Tom Ford either, but them Swedes'll never ketch us."

"What'll you do with the cattle after you git 'em?" asked Warren. "You wouldn't dare sell 'em round here."

"Run 'em into the hills till the scare 's blowed over; I know places in them canyons where a feller might hide a hundred critters for a month, and nobody be the wiser. I wasn't born and raised in the hills for nothin'. There's water there, and there's grass there, too; and after the ranchmen have cooled off a little, we'll just run 'em out on the other side, and sell 'em to some fellers I know that air jest pinin' for sich snaps."

"They'll be sure to track you," said Warren; "such a raid as you've planned would leave a plain trail."

"I've thought of that," said Owen serenely; "we'll follow their own shipping trail as far as the track, then we'll run 'em through the big cut into the hills. You might march a hull army through that cut, and in half an hour the wind and sand would wipe out every trace. I'd like to see 'em track us!"

Warren still hung back; but his objections were invariably overcome by Owen's plausible arguments, and Myra knew that in the end her father would give in. In his present discontented and sullen state of mind, it would be easy for Owen to make a tool of him.

"The reason I want you to go in with me is to mislead 'em," continued the scoundrel. "Berkely'd never suspect you; and if he did, he'd never hang his father-in-law."

There was an ugly sneer in the fellow's voice as he uttered these words, and Warren arose hastily and walked away. Owen followed him, and the two stood together for a short time. They seemed to arrive at some definite understanding, and then they separated, Owen going toward the hills, and Warren returning to the homestead.

Myra waited until the sound of their footsteps had died away, then, creeping from her hiding-place, she fled swiftly across the plain to the ranch.

But the old shed had another visitor. No sooner had Myra disappeared in the dusk, than a strange, uncouth object raised itself from the roof, where it had lain all the time cunningly concealed beneath the hay, and danced up and down in ghoulish glee. The thing was a child's body with the head of a man. The sleeves of its tattered coat, which seemed to be its sole garment, hung far over its hands, and waved like queer, broken members as the shape shook its arms in the direction Frank Owen had taken.

"Me'll tell." The words came in jerks from the twisting, drooling lips. "Me'll tell on he. Me'll tell Hank. Hank good to Benny. Benny hate Frank. Frank thief. Me'll tell on he."

It was Frank Owen's idiotic brother, poor thing, and Myra had an unknown ally.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Mrs. Chrisholm was "worse," and for two days Myra was overrun with work. Two men, boyhood friends of Hank, stopped over at the ranch for a day and a night, on their way to Denver, and had to be entertained. Hank was with them constantly while they remained, and, in the rush of accumulated business which followed their departure, Myra had no opportunity to speak alone with him. She was glad of this. She felt, sometimes, as if she could never again look him in the face. He was to be robbed, and by her own father, her father, who owed so much to him. But everything, Berkely's probable loss, her own blighted hopes, even the unmistakable evidence of her father's moral decay, faded into insignificance before the thought of her mother. It would kill her, Myra knew that it would, if, after all these years of work and privation, of hope and despair, her effort should be crowned only with disgrace for them all, and an ignominious death for the father of her children.

She must never know. Thus much Myra resolved with pale, set lips and tearless, burning eyes. The threatened raid must be stopped, and by herself alone. She would go to her father and to Frank Owen, and demand, entreat, prevail upon them, in some way, to abandon their criminal and dangerous undertaking. She reproached herself now, that she had not confronted them that night when she overheard their conversation, and demanded an instantaneous renunciation of their horrible scheme.

She might have reclaimed her father then, and, under threat of exposure, driven Frank Owen from the neighborhood. It was too late for anything like that now, but she would see her father the very first chance she had, and do something.

Her own love seemed quite to have left her at this time. She wondered if it were dead. She thought of it once, as she knelt

on the floor winding the bandages about Mrs. Chrisholm's swollen ankles in the deft, unslipable fashion which the doctor had taught her, and smiled in self-contempt.

"I guess Hank'd be likely to marry a rustler's daughter!" These were the words which the white lips formed.

She heard from the men at the ranch that Owen had gone to Hiltmor to work on the irrigation ditch; but this, she knew, might be a ruse. He might cause that report to be circulated, and all the time be staying quietly at home awaiting a favorable opportunity for the execution of his plans. He might easily do this as his mother's shanty, part dug-out and part sod, was situated in a lonely, unfrequented spot at the edge of the hills.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day, a man on a cream-colored pony rode into the yard. Myra recognized him at once. It was Chapman, the ranchman whom Hank had recently bought out. He dismounted and, throwing the rein over the pony's head, entered the office where Hank was busy with his accounts. The office was a snug little apartment built in a sunny corner of the large barn. It was neatly fitted up with desk and chairs and pictures, and when the ranch house was overrun with help, bunks were made up for the men to sleep there.

Myra's fears were aroused. What could Chapman want? He had probably come on some business connected with the transfer of the property, but to her excited fancy every move assumed startling significance.

Her fears were increased when she saw Tom Ford lead his own and Hank's pony into the yard, and proceed to equip each of them with saddle and bridle. Some sort of an expedition was evidently on hand.

She prepared supper, and the men came in and ate. She served them in silence, scanning each face furtively, trying in this way, to detect some sign of excitement. Their faces, however, told her nothing. The men talked on indifferent subjects,

and joked and laughed with perfect unconcern. They had heard nothing, then. This relieved her fears somewhat, but she was still in an agony of suspense as to their departure. If they returned to the lower ranch with Chapman and remained all night, the raid would undoubtedly be made during the absence of the two men whom Owen most feared. What then? She cast desperately about in her troubled mind, for some plan.

At the conclusion of the meal, Chapman rose abruptly, saying that they must be off at once or night would overtake them before reaching the lower ranch.

Myra knew that Hank and Tom were to accompany him. Something detained them at the office and it was dark before they finally mounted and rode away.

They had gone but a few yards, when Hank suddenly turned his pony about and rode toward the house. He must have forgotten something. He halted at the door and called:

"Myra!"

"Yes?" instantly she was there with the anxious question.

"Get me that new box of cartridges, will you, Myra?" he said carelessly. "I forgot them. They're on the shelf in the corner."

She brought the heavy, oblong box, and held it up to him.

He took it, and with it her hand, which he held closely, while his teasing eyes vainly sought hers.

Myra could not look up. Her face was white and drawn with her effort to keep from sobbing outright.

Attributing her refusal to meet his glance to the old coquetry, Hank slipped the cartridge box into the outside pocket of his loose, sack coat and, bending in his saddle, he placed his left hand beneath Myra's chin, compelling her to look at him.

Her expression sobered him at once. Freeing her hand, he sprang to the ground and stood regarding her intently. "What's the matter with you, Myra?" he asked.

"Nothing." She turned her face away

from him, and toyed nervously with one of the straps which hung from the saddle.

"But I say there *is* something the matter," said Hank, "I never saw you like this before. Are you sick?"

A negative motion of the bowed head was the only answer.

Hank took a step forward and threw his arms about her shrinking form. "Tell me, sweetheart," he said, "quick, what is it?"

"Oh, Hank, don't. *Please* don't speak to me like that," Myra pleaded. She covered her face with her hands and sobbed passionately.

"And why not speak to you like that, Myra?" he coaxed. He smoothed her hair and held her head against his breast while her sobs grew still. "Poor little girl, you're all worn out with this cursed work. Never mind, when we get things straightened up a bit, say in a month from now, we'll have a wedding at the Dragon's Head; and then, Myra, away—Denver, New York, the coast—anywhere you like. "Look up, child, and tell me what you say to all this."

Myra had become composed. A resolve had formed in her mind. She would tell Hank the whole story. She ought to have done it before. He would do what was best. It would cost her his love, perhaps, but she and her father and mother and Reta could go away, somewhere, and live.

"Hank," she said, calmly, "when you know everything you will not want to touch me. We—"

In another instant the whole agonizing secret would have been out; but Chapman, having become impatient at the long delay, called loudly, "Hurry up, Berkely, it's getting late!"

"Well, I should say that it was getting late!" exclaimed Hank, "Hanged if I didn't forget all about Chapman." "Yes, it's likely that you could tell me anything that would make me not want to touch you, Myra!" He caught her to his breast again, and pressed a long kiss upon her lips. Then, with a low, happy laugh, he

sprang into his saddle and dashed away.

He joined his two companions, and the three cantered away into the night. They had gone but a mile when an object, a child apparently, with distorted shape and wildly waving arms, suddenly appeared, directly in front of them.

They stopped their ponies, and the thing came close to them and said something in mumbling, jerky sentences to Hank. The men drew their ponies' heads together and listened. It was only for a moment, then the creature slipped from the group and disappeared in the direction of the hills. As he shambled along he talked constantly to himself.

"Benny telled on he, Benny did; Benny hate—hate—hate—"

The three men consulted together for a few moments after the child disappeared and then rode on.

CHAPTER VI.

It seemed to Myra that Mrs. Chrisholm had never been as unreasonable as she was that night. It was ten o'clock before she could prevail upon her to go to bed, and even after she had her undressed and comfortably arranged for the night, the old woman persisted in keeping up an animated conversation on countless subjects.

"Oh, I wish she would go to sleep!" wailed Myra to herself. She wanted time to think, to plan some new line of action. She intended, as soon as the house was quiet, to try and see her father. If he should happen to be at home this would not be difficult. If not, she must find him. She extinguished the light and, slipping off her shoes, threw herself upon her own bed, which was in the same room, and pretended to be asleep. She was utterly weary in mind and body, and fell into a light sleep. When she started up, wide awake in an instant, Mrs. Chrisholm was breathing the heavy, regular draughts of one in deep slumber. She had no idea what time it was. Taking her shoes in her hand she stepped softly into the kitchen. The whole place was silent. The clock ticked loudly, and she could hear the

wheels grind slowly round inside of it. She dared not strike a match. The sound might arouse Mrs. Chrisholm or the men upstairs. As near as she could make out from the position of the hands in the dim light it was between twelve and one o'clock.

She opened the door, passed out, and closed it behind her without a sound. Outside she listened again. A presentiment—a vague dread—oppressed her. Surely there was a movement in the air from the direction of the corral. She was quite conscious of it, although not a sound came to her ears. She slipped on her shoes with trembling fingers, not waiting to tie them. Then she started on a run toward the corral.

It was a moonless night and the few stars shone faint and far away. In the east a bank of billowy, drought clouds massed themselves, emitting at intervals a glare of sheet lightning which illuminated the earth with a clear, white light. In the luminous atmosphere the earth seemed to tremble and vibrate. How small it was compared with the infinitude of space! Even in her agitation and haste, Myra was impressed with some such sensation—the insignificance of herself—her trouble—her love, everything; and pervading the sensation and predominating it, was the consciousness of the kiss—that first love-kiss—which Hank had pressed upon her lips a few hours before.

It burned there like one of those stars far up in the cool, night sky. She would feel it until she died.

She reached the fence on the side of the corral nearest the house, and crouched on the ground behind it. In the darkness she could see nothing, but a movement among the cattle could be plainly heard. It came from the farthest side, near the gate. The clouds were rising; the next flash would reveal all.

It came and she saw it all. Frank Owen and her father were there. They had separated a small bunch of cattle from the main herd, and were about to drive them through the gate.

Myra ran in the shadow along the

fence. The wire caught in her skirts, but she tore them loose and sped on. Just before she turned the corner of the fence, another flash revealed the two men issuing from the gate with their booty. Directly in front of her was a dry water-hole with steep banks. To avoid it Myra struck out into the open prairie, hoping to intercept the two men before they had fairly quitted the corral. She could have called to them but she knew that they would fire upon her and—the raid must be stopped first. She must get quite close to them before she spoke, so that her father would recognize her voice.

She was about to speak when she became aware of a party of mounted men which was coming full speed down the slope behind her. The two men became apprised of its approach at the same instant. All three knew that it was the ranchmen headed by Hank Berkely and Tom Ford.

No one knew who fired the first shot. In the twinkling of an eye the night was filled with the crack of revolvers, the curses of infuriated men and the trampling and bellowing of the frightened cattle.

In the midst of the encounter, Myra fell, bleeding and unconscious. No one had seen her or known that she was there.

There were six men in the attacking party, and the raiders stood no chance against them.

Warren was found a little to one side, after the firing ceased, with a bullet through his heart. Owen was captured and securely bound, while part of the men surrounded the scattered herd and drove it back to the corral.

Hank knelt over the lifeless body of Myra's father. He was inexpressibly shocked and distressed at finding him there. He had received a hint of the intended raid on the next day after Myra had overheard the conversation between her father and Owen; but Owen's half-witted brother, who had given him the information, had not mentioned War-

ren's name in connection with the affair. He had supposed the fellow's accomplices were his disreputable associates from the hills.

This night's business meant something fearful to Mrs. Warren and Myra. He began to formulate plans by which they could be prevented from ever knowing the true manner in which Warren had met his death. Why should they not suppose that he had been on their side? He could trust his men. Then Myra's strange behavior of the evening before came to his mind, and he wondered if that had any connection with this miserable affair.

He had ordered the body carried to the office and was about to follow it, when his eye fell upon a little, mangled heap lying on the ground just where the thickest of the fight had been.

He bent over the still form and turned the face up toward the faint light.

"It's Myra," he whispered, huskily, "My God, how many more this night!"

The two men who had started toward the house with Warren's body, laid their burden on the ground and came back. The men all crowded around. Chapman knelt and placed his hand over Myra's heart.

"She's alive yet, Berkely," he said. "Start someone after a doctor. Her arm is broken, and there seems to be a wound somewhere about her head, but perhaps she can be saved. Brace up, man!"

Hank pulled himself together. "Tom," he said, firmly, "you can make it in the least time. Take Judd. I can't risk this to a pony, and *bring*—don't *send*—Dr. Hart, and with him the best surgeon there is in Hiltnor, here at once. *Ride!* Leave Judd in Hiltnor and get the best team Smalley has in his stable for the last half."

Before Hank was through speaking, Tom was on his way to the barn, and he was soon flying through the dawn toward Hiltnor.

Hank lifted Myra's unconscious form in his arms and bore it to the ranch house. Chapman and another of the

men followed with Warren's lifeless body, The other two men waited, guarding their prisoner, until Chapman returned with his companion. Then the four walked away across the prairie with Owen in their midst.

At sunrise that morning, Owen's limp, lifeless body might have been seen hanging to a beam in the long, low bridge which crosses the Platte river a mile above Berkely's ranch. The vibrations consequent to the passage of heavy trains caused the gruesome object to turn and twist and writhe as though someone had pulled the string of an automaton.

It was many weeks before Myra was able to explain to Hank her presence at the corral gate on that awful night; and it was years before her system recovered

from the strain of those few, memorable days.

All through the sad time of her father's funeral and the removal of her mother and Reta to the ranch, she lay, bandaged and unconscious, on her bed. And even after she began to feel little thrills of life through her wasted frame, she would turn her face to the wall, and tears of grief at her father's fate would steal from beneath the closed lids.

Happily her protracted illness enabled Hank to carry out his scheme as to keeping Mrs. Warren in ignorance as to the exact manner in which her husband lost his life.

And when strength returned he took her away,—away, to love and a new life and forgetfulness of the tragic past.



HER VERSE.

A BIT of a song that floated
From a narrow window, high
In the walls of an ancient palace,
That arriver quivered by:—

*Ah, Love! The sky is grey and cold.
Ah, Love! The day grows worn and old.
Ah, Love! My love dies all untold.*

I show the words to my lady
And bid her sing to me
This song of the lovesick maiden
That stays in my memory.

She takes the words and reads them,
And then, just touching the strings
Of her sweet guitar,—my lady
Turns her eyes on me and sings:—

*O Love! The sky is blue and gold,
O Love! Each day new joys unfold,
O Love! Such love no words can hold.*

Will F. Brewer.

LIEUTENANT BURTON'S WOOING.

A TALE OF LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.*

BY CAPTAIN HENRY ROMEYN.

CONCLUSION.

VI.

ISABEL bore up under the fearful excitement of the hour, till she again entered her father's quarters; then she gave way, and her mother and Bridget, carrying the limp form to a couch, tried in vain, for several minutes, to restore her to consciousness. The surgeon was obliged to leave his wounded patient to the care of his assistant, and hasten to attend to his own household. Her mother, from whom she inherited much of her brave, independent spirit, was able to control her grief and excitement; but the events of the evening had proved too much for Mrs. Murphy, and, while she could attend to the duties she was told to perform, her mind was divided between fears for her young mistress, for Burton, and for Murphy—(though the last named had no present cause for fear).

"Dear me! Dear me!" she wailed. "O! I've been in the army near twenty year, an' Oi niver saw the loike before. There's Lootenant Burton, wid the head av him broke, an' he loike to die, an' here's Miss Belle that's jist the loight av his oyes till him, an' nobody knows how much aven his daags thocht uv her, an' ony wan o' thim wud sooner died than she had been hurted, an' that divil Brecker—Tzar did a *good* job fur him (may Mary Mother be good till him, if he *wud* have murdered the bist mon iver wore uniform) whin he kilt him, for he saved him the trouble o' bein' hanged some day;" and incoherently she would have rambled on, had not her mistress checked her.

"Do not stop to think of any one else now, Mrs. Murphy, we have work enough here," and sending her in search of restoratives, she busied herself in renewed

efforts to bring her daughter back to consciousness. Before Bridget had returned, the mother felt a shudder run through the frame which rested in her arms, and the eyes opened with a startled look.

"Oh! Mother! is it a dream? I saw him fall, the men striking him down, and Rex and Tzar fighting for him, and then I saw him dead—dead. *And I loved him so. Did I dream—or*"—and she lapsed again into unconsciousness. On her return, the servant was sent for her father, and for hours, the loving parents and kind-hearted servitor labored over their insensible or utterly bewildered charge, rousing her from one state only to have her pass into the other, her mind refusing to take cognizance of the present, and dwelling on the fray, or what had preceded it. "He was so good," she moaned, in one of her semi-conscious moments, "and I was so cruel! I would not listen to him—I tore up his note—I thought he was false—I told him he should be treated as he deserved, and he has not been, and now he will die—he is dead—I saw,"—and then blessed oblivion blotted out the distorted memories of that day, and those of earlier date, and under the influence of a powerful narcotic, the exhausted girl forgot her misery, while the anxious mother, with this new light thrown upon the case, had an additional reason for alarm; and the father, who, when he had seen his daughter sleeping, had returned to Burton's room, had ample reasons for his doubts and fears.

VII.

Burton had made a desperate but losing fight, and, as the blood was cleansed from his wounds and a careful examination of his condition made, the medical officers looked on with grave faces. The first blow, parried by the left arm, had

*Awarded the Prize in THE MIDLAND'S January 1st Original Story Competition. Begun in May.

smashed that member at the wrist; the second, in addition to breaking it nearer the elbow, had reached his head, from which it had torn a large flap of scalp and an ear, and had also fractured the collar bone. The concussion of the brain rendered him still unconscious, and his breathing was irregular and stentorous, with no signs of returning consciousness for several days. His dogs, aware of something being amiss with their master, escaping from their collars, watched an opportunity to steal into his room, and refusing to be removed or have the collars replaced, constituted themselves a guard at his bedside, and none save the surgeons, Murphy and Donovan, his soldier-servant, dared enter.

Just when he was needed most, the post commander was helpless. Frightened by the occurrences of the day and evening, he had indulged in an unusual quantity of drink, and before its effect had passed off a fit of his malady had seized him; and, with this additional patient to care for, the medical men had no rest. Captain Tompkins, as next in rank, of course assumed command, and with his usual amount of bluster and bullying, now that the danger of any further attack had passed. Half a score of mutineers were absent from reveille, and as they did not make their appearance by noon, he ordered out searching parties, but as none knew which route the absentees had taken, they had no success. Aside from the death of their leader, those engaged in the fight had not come off scatheless. Wagner, whom his officer had used as a shield, had been struck in several places by his friends; and the grip Burton had on his throat had been such that he was still speechless and in hospital. Another, struck down by the officer's pistol, was nursing a hole in his head, to see which in the future he would have but one eye; and a third, lying on his cot in one of the hospital wards, passed most of his time in a state of stupor from the same cause. That portion of the garrison which had been loyal at heart was not now afraid to "speak

out," and he who was still in sympathy with the rioters was obliged very carefully to conceal his sentiments. One such ventured to put forth an inquiry as to what time the command could expect to get its pay.

"To hell wid ye," shouted Murphy, who heard the question, as he seized his musket which had been taken from the rack to be cleaned, "ye say wan wurrid about paay widin the harin' of ony oother mon o' this company before the Lootenant gits well, an' by the piper thot played before Moses, Oi'll smash the hid o' ye intil tuppenny bits, or ilse Oi'll bring out them daags, an' set that big Roosian ontill ye, an' let him lave ye loike he did that divil Brecker. Ye moind that now, an' hould yer jaw. Thim red-mouthed blatherskites comed moighty nigh killin' the best friind thim or ony oother mon iver had, an' maybe he'll die yit; but no mon in *this* post is goin' to say onything agin him aloive or did, or give him ony trouble, whoile Murphy or ony wan of mony good min is livin' to hear it. Ye moind that now, an' kape whisht if ye knows what's good fur ye," and the earnest friend of his officer, as he warmed with his subject, might have proceeded to administer what he would have considered "a warnin' jist," had not the First Sergeant appeared on the scene and ordered quiet.

VIII.

Days passed. The usual routine of garrison duties had been resumed; the dead mutineer had been buried without "a funeral note"; the visiting officers had started on their return journey; charges had been forwarded against those who had been engaged in the mutiny, and still remained in the post in confinement or hospital; but the anxiety over the principal personages of our tale was not in any way lessened. Burton lay in a comatose state, not noting anything about him. Next door, she for whom he would have given his life was tossing in delirium of fever, moaning in her agony, her aching brain refusing to give heed to any-

thing, or to recall aught which had passed since the fray.

At times, wildly delirious, she went over what she thought her wrong, and her mother soon found that if she would not have her daughter's troubles "common property" among the officers and their families, she and the ever-faithful Mrs. Murphy must keep their weary vigils alone.

"I loved him! oh! *how* I loved him!" she moaned as her parent's anxious face was bent over her pillow; "but he was false. He told me that he loved me and—and—and—" (here the weary fever-racked brain rebelled for a moment and then resumed its duty) "he went to Zapata, and met her, and—and—she made him forget me—," then the eyes slowly closed again, only to be opened a moment later, when she talked on as though no interruption had occurred; "and she wrote to him; and sent him presents, and all the soldiers and Doctor Foster saw him—saw—" and once more oblivion came.

A day or two later, as Mrs. Murphy had found her awake, and apparently in possession of her senses—she approached with some nourishment, but was met by her patient with a refusal. "No, I do not wish for anything—I want only to die."

Tears ran down the face of the faithful nurse as she asked, "What fur should ye want to die? Here's the Docther, an' yer mother an' meself, all in the wan house; an' outside there's all the leddies an' the officers, an' the good wans among the min, an' next dure there's Lootenant Burton an' the daags, an' the harses in the corral, an' they're all lovin' av ye, an' all av thim prayin' to the Holy Mother an' the Saints that they'll be gettin' ye well; an' what fur do ye want to die thin?"

"Mr. Burton is dead. I saw—," and the poor weakened nerves gave way again.

Taking her in her strong motherly arms and holding the aching head on her bosom, Mrs. Murphy reiterated: "Lootenant Burton is *not* dead. It's God's trooth I'm tellin' ye, me darlin'. He got purty badly hurted in the row ye was seein',

but he's goin' on to git well, God willin', an' ye want to be quittin' wishin' ye were did, an' *thry* to live. An' he's not been playin' ony desate wid ye ather, he's not been swate-heatin' wid ony strange young leddy; I don't care phwat Murphy an' the rist o' thim says, I *know* bether."

Then she ventured on something which, had the medical attendants known it, they would have forbidden. Hearing her husband moving about the kitchen, she went out to him.

"Murphy, Miss Belle is awake, an' has all her siven sinses, but she want belave Lootenant Burton's not did. Now jist ye go over there, an' git wan o' th' daags,—Rix wud be the bist wan, fur Oi can't bear the look o' that Rooshan since he throtled Brecker,—an' Oi'll take him in thare to her bid, an' Oi'll loie loike a haythin', but Oi'll make her belave the lootenant sint him in."

Accordingly Rex was induced to leave his master, and Mrs. Murphy ushered him into the room of her young mistress. But at sight of him her grief broke forth afresh.

"Poor Rex, why *didn't* you save him?" When the animal heard his name called in the voice he loved so well to hear, he broke loose from Bridget's hand, and rushing forward, with every demonstration of joy of which he was capable, putting his rough muzzle on the emaciated hand which in happier days had so often been put forth to pet him, fairly howled out his delight. Then he seemed to realize that here, too, was a friend in trouble, and with almost a human intelligence, he seated himself a short distance from the couch, and "looking," as Mrs. Murphy said "as if he had lost all his frinds, an' niver wud have ony more," gazed at the invalid, with an expression which seemed to say, "what can I do?" The next day he came of his own volition, and the third day, by some canine mode of communication, he brought with him the Siberian. But the sight of the latter was too much for the nerves of the patient, and he was soon sent from the room. She had seen him with his grasp

on Brecker's throat, and had heard his savage snarl when his dying prey had made his final struggle; and covering her eyes with her hands, asked that he be taken away.

In Burton's quarters the anxiety had not lessened. The broken bones had been carefully set, the torn scalp replaced, and the utmost attention paid to the patient, but though the surgeons did not expect a rapid recovery, they were for some time fearful of the result of his injuries.

Days had lengthened into weeks, the third of which was half passed, before he uttered any intelligible sound or showed any signs of returning consciousness. There was no necessity for any order for quiet, in his room or out of it. His dogs were almost constantly in it, and when there, denied admission to any but his regular attendants; and outside, his men took that in their own hands, and a too-loud word would have brought upon the offender a punishment the memory of which would never have left him. To add to the complications, fever had attacked the wounded man; and when at length he looked up into the face of his attendant, it was through eyes glazed by delirium, and the brain could not realize the situation. He endeavored to use the broken arm.

"What—has hap—happened—to—me?" were his first words; but before the surgeon could frame a reply, his chaotic brain had worked off at a tangent, and he was "fighting the battles o'er again;" was on the anxious march to Zapata, giving orders for the night march; and then another, sweeter scene came up, and he rehearsed the events of the day on which he had left the post. The young surgeon who happened at the moment to be in attendance had sense enough to know that while his patient's words should be sacred as if uttered in the confessional, it were better that his superior, more interested than he was supposed to be, should hear them, and accordingly sent for him at once, and on his arrival, left the room. Though notifying him that Burton had

been talking in a rambling manner, he did not tell him of the direction his attempts had led, and it was with a grave face, and filled eyes, that, as he sat, finger on wrist, at the bedside, he listened to the fragmentary tale.

"Miss Belle" he murmured. "My own Belle, what—what—has been—been told you"—a pause, and he added: "As I deserved"—"served," and—"I—I—did my—duty." Then he was dealing with the mutineers; and his raised tones with the old "battle ring" in them, brought the hounds to their feet, ready for a fray. For a few moments the draught he was induced to swallow kept him quiet; then he began again: "As—I—deserved." "My Belle—I—I—did all—it was—possible to—do. What—has—turned you—against—*Wagner!*—*put up—that gun!*" Then the poltroon who had refused to stand by him in the efforts for discipline, came in for a share of the disjointed monologue. "You coward! you con—con—temptible cow—ard, not—fit—to—to—com—mand—mand—brave men." Then scenes of former days came into his mind,—he was again on the battle field, cheering on his men; orders rang, quick and sharp, from his fevered lips, and it required all the tact and strength of his friend to confine him to his couch. To his servant, when he entered the room—the surgeon mentioned the necessity for not speaking to any one of the nature of some of his hallucinations.

"Trust me and Murphy, sir; we won't say anything outside."

While the officers of the garrison were anxious to do all they could for their comrade, the surgeon did not deem it best that they should listen to any of his patient's unbalanced remarks; and they were informed that, as other than his regular attendants would probably add to his excitement, it would be best for them not to intrude for the present. But the commanding officer presented himself at the door of the sick man's quarters, one day, while the surgeon was at dinner, and wished to be admitted. Donovan, who was at the time on duty, quoted his orders:

"But you say he is asleep, and I can do no harm by merely looking at him. Stand aside and let me pass."

He was not careful in modulating his tones, after he had entered, and as he stood by his cot, looking down upon him, Burton suddenly awoke; and though still delirious, recognized him. He had gained strength enough to formulate whole sentences, and instantly the events preceding the fray entered his mind.

"You miserable poltroon; coward,—afraid of your own men! You won't give me any assistance? Well, I'll not surrender to any man or set of men. You wretch.—But I'll settle with that ring-leader. You won't let me arrest him? You'll be afraid of your own shadow."—But by this time the officer was moving toward the door, and Donovan, who was scarcely able to control his excited patient, while he did not curse him to his face, indulged in a large amount of that exercise when the door had closed behind him; and in reporting the same to Murphy, while he did not restrain his indignation wondered "if the ould spalpeen ever heard so much God's truth in the same time before."

IX.

Thus the sorrowful days ran on. Isabel had risen from her sick-bed and, the shadow of her former self, was able to move about the house. To Burton there came also a change. His mind had become clear, though he still had moments when chaos seemed to have come again. But his wounds and fever, despite his fine constitution, had broken him down; and when, one evening after his usual visit to the sick-room, the father's face seemed more than usually grave, his daughter, reclining on a couch, called him to her and, with an arm about his neck, asked for information concerning her lover.

The surgeon hesitated. "But I *must* know," the daughter pleaded. "If you refuse to tell me, you leave me to imagine the worst; and it will be no more to tell me now than, if it *is* the worst, to have the knowledge come suddenly later. Tell me, please, and end my suspense."

"My daughter, Mr. Burton is a very sick man. Can you bear any more?"

The pale face grew more pallid in appearance, the breath came in a half gasp, half sob; but the strong will conquered, and, "Yes, I can hear all," was her reply. The father raised the thin form in his arms, as in days of childhood, and, while his own face was stained with tears, said:

"My darling girl, I fear he will not see the sun rise to-morrow. His mind is clear, and he has asked for you."

"Then take me to him at once. I have treated him shamefully—*shame—ful—ly*," she cried between her sobs, "and—I—*must* ask his forgiveness. Take me to him; I'll be calm," as with a supreme effort she controlled her voice. "I can control myself,—*only* let me see him to ask his forgiveness before he dies."

To her mother, who had entered the room, she addressed the same plea.

"You might as well take her, James," said the mother, "unless you fear the effect on him. Carry her in your arms; none can see you in this darkness."

So the doubting physician, but loving father, with Isabel in his arms, rapped softly at the door of Burton's room; while behind him followed his wife, outwardly calm, but with fear tugging at her heart.

Donovan opened the door. There was an exclamation on his lips, but he vanished instantly, without stopping to remove the deerhound, which in front of the couch shared the nurse's vigil.

Burton was sleeping. Silently the father crossed the room, his burden in his arms; but the hound, at the strange sight, rose to his feet with a warning growl, though it did not waken his master. But, when the girl held out her hand to him, Rex could not control himself; and, as she sank on her knees beside his master's pillow, gave such vent to his excitement that the sleeper awoke at once.

"What is it, Rex?" he said slowly, and then as he feebly turned his head and in the dimness of the fire-lighted room saw and recognized the forms about his bed, and heard the sob beside his couch, he

put forth an emaciated hand, and touched the fair head, with a "Thank God" upon his lips.

"My darling I—am—glad—glad—to—see you once more." Then, despite the physician's efforts to stop him, he talked on, mostly in whispers.

"I tried to do my duty. I—I tried to deserve—deserve approval. I—fought those mutineers—to save you—from worse—than—than—death. And now,—I'm going to—die. But I performed—my—duty, and—you are—safe. God bless my love!"

The girl's face was streaming with tears; but she managed to control her voice, and as she laid a hand on his lips, she said:

"You must let me speak. I have wronged and doubted you. They told me you were false, and I believed them. That was the reason I would not see you. But now I know I was wrong, and I ask for pardon. Oh! my love! say you forgive me!"

"Forgive you?" he gasped. "You don't need to be—forgiven. But who said I was false—and how?"

By this time the physician was forced to interfere, in the interest of both his patients. His daughter pleaded to be left with her lover, but that could not be allowed, and, after a parting which cannot be described, was borne fainting from the room. While her mother watched through the lonely night hours beside her couch, the father, doubly anxious, sat by Burton's bedside, finger on pulse, waiting for the end. Murphy and Donovan were in the room, and in some way the hounds had gained access and, fully awake, seemed to realize that a crisis of some kind was impending. In the small hours, the physician was called to his own quarters; when his daughter was passing from one fainting fit to another; and, sending for his assistant, left Burton in his charge. He was soon delirious again, and his attendant was forced, as had been his Commanding Officer, to listen to the truth concerning himself.

"Who—told you—I was false?" he broke out. "He who did it, lied,—and he knew—it. Who was it? Oh it was he. Well, God forgive him, I never—can"; and so his words ran on; till the opiate given had quieted him, and the conscience-stricken prevaricator rejoiced when the return of his chief released him, and solemnly promised himself, that never again, under any circumstances, would he say or do anything which could cause so much suffering.

But Burton did not die. Slowly but steadily he came back from the dark gates, and before the winter snows forbade trans-montane travel, borne in an ambulance, and attended with the utmost care, he traveled the four hundred miles to the railroad terminus, where he was met by a friend and conveyed to his eastern home. A little later, the surgeon, ordered to an Eastern station, took his departure with his family; glad to leave a scene which had so many unpleasant memories. As Burton's tottering steps bore him to the vehicle in front of his door, he found his company gathered about him to bid him good-bye. There were sad faces among them; for they loved and respected him as officer and friend. Some of them had been reclaimed from dissipation by his kindness and efforts; and they gloried in the stand which, single-handed, he had made at the time of the mutiny. With most of them it was a final parting, for before he was able to rejoin them for duty, half the army had been disbanded, and officers and enlisted men alike, scattered through the regiments which remained intact. Donovan and Murphy mourned for "the daags," as well as for their master, and the latter once proposed that the company should contribute to the purchase of a silver collar, for each canine; "jist for the killin' o' that divil, Brecker."

X.

A year later, Burton, (then a Captain,) Murphy, and Donovan, met at a large Eastern post; Murphy on duty at the station, the others as witnesses before a

Court-martial. The honest fellows' eyes glistened, as they shook hands with their commander. When he asked after their welfare, Murphy said he was stationed at the post, and that Mrs. Murphy would be glad to learn that he had seen "the Captain."

"But I'll go and see Mrs. Murphy, if you will tell me where to find her."

"The direction was given, and later in the day Burton strolled over to the place. The honest soul had not been apprised of his coming, as Murphy "jist wanted to see her go wild wanst;" which she came near doing. Almost her first inquiry was for "Miss Belle."

"I heard from her father last week," said Burton, "and he stated that she had fully regained her health."

"An' is *that* all? An' she's not married thin?"

"No; but I am told that she is to be married next month."

There was a disappointed look on the face of the great-hearted woman, and she looked sharply at the speaker as she said, "That bates Banager; Oi didn't think that."

Then he added, "I may as well tell you something more. I am to be married soon;" and, as he saw the astonishment deepening in her features, added, "in fact, on the same day as Miss Belle."

For an instant she failed to comprehend his meaning. When she did, forgetting her usual awe of rank, she caught him by both hands, and with a look which proved

the sincerity of her words, said, as she shook them heartily, "God and the saints be praised; *Oi always thoct ut wud be thot way.*"

XII.

"Belle, did I show you these gloves? I paid a young woman at Zapata to make them for me from measure, and they are an excellent fit. Murphy saw her taking the measure, and, though he did not smile, I am sure he thought of something else than glove-making."

There was a pained look on the happy face as, putting an arm around his neck, she said softly, "My dear, they cost me much more than you paid for them."

Three years later. On the vine-embowered porch of an officer's quarters in a California post, with his head pillowed on the rough coat of a deer-hound and a chubby hand clinched among the dog's hair, sleeps a beautiful baby boy. Just inside the shaded window, the mother sits, contemplating the scene without. Close by the child, a gigantic wolf-hound, couchant but watchful, has put himself on guard. Up the walk leading to the house, a woman and a soldier are walking. She calls his attention to the tableau. "Murphy, will ye look at thot, now? Thot must be what Father Ryan was readin' about last Sunday; the lion an' the lamb lyin' down thegither. Tzar is moighty nigh to bein' a lion, an' thot blissed bye is Captain Burton's lamb, shure enough."

THE END.

GRIEF.

HIS love, to-night, the Wind has lost,
And over barren pasture-lands,
How wildly are the dead leaves tossed
By his grief-stricken hands!
I know, for 'tis the selfsame sound
That swept across my soul the eve
I scattered roses, dewy-crowned,
O'er my lost Genevieve.

Alonzo Leora Rice.

THE WOMAN WITH THE CATERPILLAR FRINGE.

BY JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

"YOU want a real, sure-enough ghost story, this time, do you?" asked Mrs. Beall.

"Very well; you shall have one that I heard the other day from a friend of the young girl who saw it; and I defy even our chief skeptic over there in the big arm chair—which, by the way, he may draw a bit closer—to account for it."

Half a dozen of us, in Mrs. Beall's cozy parlor one autumn evening had been talking about the various said-to-be haunted houses in Washington and sleepy old Georgetown. The lamps were turned low; the remains of a wood fire smouldered on the hearth and the scene was very well set for the telling of spooky anecdotes; but most of us had heard all that had been told many times before, and could not have found them wildly thrilling even had not the gentleman whom Mrs. Beall dubbed our chief skeptic explained every one of them on what he called purely common-sense grounds. Such explanations, I have often observed, are calculated to take the thrill out of most ghost stories.

Delighted with the promise of something new and the hope of seeing our critic vanquished, we gathered about our hostess and listened to the story which I can give you so far as the words are concerned; but I know it loses much on account of my inability to reproduce the speaker's expressive tones and gestures. She looked a picture, too, which I am sorry you can't see as we saw, in a dainty gown with frills of lace and floating ends of ribbon, as she sat in her low chair, in the half light.

"I won't tell you the girl's name," she began, "for her family spent last winter here in Washington, and, as they entertained handsomely and went about a good deal in society, most of you probably know them. For convenience, however,

we must have a name, and Dorland will do as well as another if you don't mind.

"One summer—how long ago doesn't matter—Mr. Dorland was obliged, on account of business of some sort, to spend two or three months in a picturesque old town in Pennsylvania, which we will call Blankville. These months the family had purposed spending abroad, but when Mr. Dorland found he couldn't get away, his wife and daughters declared they wouldn't go without him, but would follow him into the wilds to cheer him by their presence until those horrid business matters should allow him to return with them to civilization.

"Blankville was by no means the wilderness they had pictured, but quite a large town, scattered in an irregular but pleasing fashion, over several shady hillsides, and they soon decided they could not easily have found a more delightful place to spend those months of exile. They were not going to spend them in a hotel, however, so they began, at once, to look for a furnished house.

"Driving about to spy out the land, they came across a quaint, old-fashioned cottage set back from the street in a large and somewhat neglected garden. A sign, 'To Let, Furnished,' with the agent's name and address, was on the padlocked gate.

"'If that house is half as pleasant inside as it is outside,' remarked Mrs. Dorland, 'I'm sure it will suit us. The neighborhood seems to be nice, too, which is something to be considered if we are only here for a short time.' So they drove, forthwith, to the agent and found the rent so absurdly low, compared with that of two other houses they had looked at, that Mr. Dorland asked what was wrong about the place.

"'Nothing at all, I assure you,' declared the agent. 'Everything is in perfect

order except the garden which, of course, needs trimming up a bit. The fact is, the city has grown so much in the other direction that most folks think this house too far up town now, so we have concluded to let it to a desirable tenant for much less than it is worth rather than try to get full value from just anybody; his tone implying that nothing was left to be desired in the present applicants.

"Going through the house, they found it as he had said, in perfect order, conveniently arranged and well furnished; so they closed the bargain at once; sent for three of their servants and whatever else they needed to make themselves comfortable, and at the end of the week were well settled in their new home.

"The family consisted of the father, mother and two daughters. Miss Dorland, a pretty and accomplished girl, was about twenty years of age. Marguerite, or Rita, as she was generally called, was nearly thirteen, small for her age and not very strong. She was very fond of reading, and not at all fond of taking exercise. Her father, occupied with his business, was away all day, and her mother and sister, busy with their own affairs, left her to do pretty much as she pleased; so she spent long hours alone with her books on a shady seat in the fragrant old garden, or in her big, pleasant room on the second floor. It was the only bedroom on that side of the house. A wide hall separated it from her mother's, but she never thought of being afraid, and was never the least bit lonely when she had a good story for company.

"One morning she had a particularly interesting novel. She left it reluctantly, when summoned to luncheon, and hurried back to it as soon as she could leave the table. Lying across the bed, her chin supported by her hands, she was absorbed in the closing chapter when, all at once, she felt that someone was behind her. It was very annoying to have anyone come in just then, and she turned, impatiently, to see who it was; stared for one awful, breathless moment, then fled screaming across the hall to her mother.

"'Oh, Mamma!' she gasped, 'there's such a dreadful woman in my room! I didn't hear her come in, I only felt someone was behind me and looked around to see who it was. She was about to take hold of me, and I'm sure she was going to kill me, her eyes blazed so wickedly. She has such queer little black curls on either side of her face, and, oh, Mamma! a gray cape about her shoulders that looks just like it had caterpillars strung along the edge! They squirmed so, and I was as much afraid of them as of her, for I know I would have died if one of them had dropped off on me!'

"'Stop, child!' commanded Mrs. Dorland. 'Control yourself. You can tell me the rest some other time. Now we must see who it is.'

"The servants came running up in answer to Mrs. Dorland's call, and a thorough search was made without discovering any one or any signs of a stranger having been on the premises. The only reasonable conclusion, then, was that Rita had fallen asleep and dreamed it all. She was scolded for creating such a disturbance, and when she begged to be allowed to change her room for another, her mother said no, she would not encourage such silly fancies; and her father, usually very indulgent, laughed her fears to scorn.

"Some weeks passed. Everything went on as usual, and Rita, half persuaded that she had indeed been dreaming, had nearly forgotten her fright. Getting ready for dinner one afternoon, she stood before her mirror, brushing out her long, fair hair, of which she was rather vain. Peeping, through the golden veil, at her reflection in the glass, she saw the door of a closet at the end of the room swinging slowly open. She said to herself, 'That's very funny,' and went on brushing her hair,—only for a moment, and then she flew screaming, as before, to her mother.

"'That horrible woman again, Mamma!' she cried, almost swooning in her terror. 'She came out of the closet, and was going to kill me this time, sure; and those

dreadful caterpillars squirmed worse than before.'

"Again a thorough search revealed nothing, but the little girl was so shaken that no one thought of compelling her to return to the dreaded chamber.

"Let her sleep with Frances to-night," said her father. 'I will send out a doctor to-morrow. She certainly needs a tonic of some sort.'

"The doctor came promptly and prescribed the tonic; but Rita did not get over her fright. No one could persuade her that she had been asleep this time. Miss Dorland thoroughly believed in her sister, and her only conclusion was that she had been dreaming both times. She slept soundly, herself, and had no bad dreams; was perfectly well; had no inconvenient nerves, and did not in the least understand the little girl's feelings. She said if Rita was going to hang on to some one every minute, and jump at every sound, she ought really to be sent away. She might go to Jane—their old nurse—and not be allowed to spoil all the rest of the summer for the other members of the family; but her parents would not consent to the banishment of the poor little offender.

"One afternoon, Mrs. Dorland was down town and Miss Dorland was preparing to go out, when Rita, looking up from the depths of an easy chair, where her sister thought her too much absorbed in a book to notice anything else, asked, 'Where are you going, Frances? Can I go, too?'

"No, you can't," was the answer. 'I want to make two or three calls in the neighborhood, and can't be bothered with you. Go down stairs and stay with Mary or Kate, and don't talk to them about your foolish fancies, or we will be left with no servants, first thing we know.'

"Mary and Kate are both out. Didn't you hear Mamma tell Kate they could go for an hour? They have just started, and you know I can't stay alone.'

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed the provoked young lady, thrusting a long pin through her hat. 'Why don't you conquer such silly notions, Rita? Don't you

know you are a great bother, and not half as nice as you used to be?'

"I can't help it, Frances," declared Rita, her eyes full of tears and her lips pale and trembling. 'I just can't stay alone. If you won't take me I'll go out and hang on the gate until Mamma comes.'

"Very well. Put on your hat and come along—that dress will do. Bathe your eyes, first, though, and try to look more cheerful; I don't want such a doleful face with me, and don't, for pity's sake, indulge in any hysterics before strangers.'

"Two calls were made and Rita behaved nicely. At the third house they were received by a vivacious young lady. She and Miss Dorland were chatting pleasantly, when Rita clutched her sister's arm and whispered shrilly, 'Oh, Frances! There is that awful woman! Just the same funny black curls and the cape with the caterpillars on the edge! Miss Grant, do tell me who she is? She came into my room twice and frightened me, terribly. I was so afraid, too, of those caterpillars!'

"Miss Dorland cried: 'Hush, Rita!' and Miss Grant laughed.

"Caterpillars? That's just what that fringe does look like; I never knew why, but it always did make me feel crawly. But, my dear, you never could have seen the lady whose portrait that is, for she has been dead a great many years—she died long before I was born, I guess. My father bought the picture, somewhere, because it had been painted by a famous artist, but I always thought it horrid. Here's Mamma, at last. Miss Dorland, Mamma. You remember I called upon her with Nellie Johns, and this is Miss Rita Dorland; she thinks she has seen the woman in that picture.'

"Impossible," said Mrs. Grant, taking a seat after shaking hands with her guests. 'Quite impossible; she was hanged for murder years ago. She was a Miss Hester Ray, a wealthy old maid; owned a great deal of property, and lived in what was then one of the handsomest houses on Ridge street.'

"Miss Dorland and Miss Grant ex-

changed startled glances. The former drew her sister closer to her side and Mrs. Grant went on.

"Some one left a little girl to Miss Ray's care. A niece, I think she was, but am not sure. However, Miss Ray brought her up as her heiress, and was devoted to her until a man came between the two. He was the girl's lover, but Miss Ray was madly in love with him in spite of the fact that he was young enough to have been her own son. He was quite unconscious of her infatuation and puzzled to account for her opposition to his marriage with her niece. Yes, I am sure she was her niece—I remember now—her name was Sara, and she was very pretty. I was a little girl when it all happened and I don't know when I've thought about any of them."

"Well, Miss Ray saw Sara reading a letter, one day, and when the girl had gone out, she went to her room to try to find it. Hearing footsteps, Miss Ray hid in a closet, thinking Sara had returned for something she had forgotten and would go away again in a moment. It was Sara, but she did not go away. She threw herself across the bed, took a letter from her bosom, and, with a happy smile on her lips, began reading it."

"Then a demon took possession of the woman. She crept behind the girl she had loved so fondly, seized her by the throat and choked her to death before she could utter a cry. The deed was discovered almost immediately; but Miss Ray made no effort to escape. She expiated her crime on the scaffold. Her property was divided among her relatives, but none of them seemed to like living in her house. No one else has lived there

for so long. I have heard, but I don't know just why. Let me see—O, yes, it is number 2,007 Ridge street, and—good gracious! What is the matter?" as Rita fell across her sister's lap in a swoon.

"Why, mamma, Miss Dorland's people live there, and Rita declares she has seen that woman!"

"Dear me!" fanning the child, who was slowly recovering, "Why did you allow me to go on? I wouldn't have told that story for worlds if I'd known. I don't know when I've thought of it. Daughter, you should have stopped me."

"Miss Grant declared she had never heard the story before, and had no idea of its ending. She begged, as Rita refused to return with her sister, that the little girl might remain with her until her parents decided what to do with her."

"And you needn't stay a minute with this horrid picture. I hope papa will burn it, artist or no artist. Come to my room; I've lots of pretty things to show you when you've rested a while, and then we'll go and look at my pony and have a ride if you like."

"Mrs. Dorland, while protesting that she was not a bit superstitious, thought best to take her daughters away at once, so they went to the seaside where Mr. Dorland was able to join them soon after, and they have never seen Blankville since."

There was silence for a moment. Then Mrs. Beall asked, "Well, Colonel?"—"But our chief skeptic only looked at his watch and remarked:

"Yes, it *is* late. Whoever wants to catch that last car had better be going." So we all said good night and departed.

COMPENSATION.

FARMIN' is hard, but I hev allus felt
It brung me near ter natur an' her ways,
An' in the joy o' sunny smilin' days
My troubles allus seem ter kinder melt.

Clarence Hawkes.

Women's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.*

THE rapid extension of the club movement to most cities and towns suggests anew the problem of the country club. There can be little question of its desirability. It has seemed to many club women, as they have thought of the isolation, the loneliness, the lack of social intercourse, with its consequent lack of sympathy, in much of the rural life of the Middle-West, that if the woman's club could do for the country, even in part, what it has done for the cities and towns, such a result would be worthy of earnest effort. It would open new vistas of thought, new inspiration for effort, new objects of interest. It would broaden, and elevate, and dignify country life. It would lead it away from the sordid, the petty, to that which is higher and nobler. The farm would not then seem, as it now does to many, a treadmill, from which escape is essential to happiness. To beautify it, to make it restful and attractive, as it is very possible to make it; to make it the ideal home, would then seem worthy of effort and possible of achievement. Whether the country club is practicable, has been questioned. But experience has shown that a fair measure of success is at least possible in the country districts. The town club can materially assist in the organization of such clubs. Not to prepare programs or to take part in them; those things should of course be left to the club membership; but to suggest the undertaking, to place at their service the town library, to encourage the federation idea. As the town federation has been found a stimulus to effort, as well as a means of accomplishing large undertakings, the country federation might also be found of value. In the country club the social feature should be made prominent. The country housewife is usually

intensely practical; she is bright and intelligent as well, and the tendency will be to undertake work too hard and too heavy. At the meetings of the Grange, we are told, it was not at all uncommon to have papers presented and intelligently discussed on the weightiest problems of philosophy and political economy. Not only in the winter season would country clubs be found helpful, when the farm work is less heavy. If on a summer afternoon, under the trees on the lawn, fruit-canning, harvesting and butter-making for the time forgotten, the club members could gather for an informal conversational meeting devoted, for example, to some poet or novelist—the pleasure and gain derived would be an inspiration throughout the remainder of the week. Details may be safely left for each locality and club to determine. The number should not be very large. With many, success is measured by numbers; but a large club is not necessarily a successful club. Experience has demonstrated that a small club is oftener successful than a large one. Dissensions and factions are not so liable to occur in the small club and individuals feel a greater responsibility, inciting to prompter attendance and greater care in the performance of assigned work. Though in the larger towns and cities the large club has a place and work which cannot be done by the smaller club. In the country, distance will be one of the greatest difficulties to overcome, and for this reason, if for no other, the small club; of not more than ten or fifteen members would seem most likely to succeed.

An article in a recent number of *Public Libraries* contains many practical suggestions for the formation of traveling libraries of pictures. Making a collection of pictures would be a pleasant undertaking for any club, and could be made a source of pleasure and profit in both country and city schools. In the

*Communications intended for THE MIDLAND'S Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct; her address is Corning, Iowa.

formation of such a library, the writer of the article mentioned suggests: "The arrangement of these pictures for a traveling library necessitates a consideration of two things—beauty of mounting and practical adjustment for carrying and hanging. The first may be secured by making a mat of neutral gray cardboard, the mat to be of pleasing proportion in relation to the picture. The gray not only harmonizes with the colors of the picture, but will also harmonize with any color surroundings in which it may be placed. The cardboard is stiff enough to form a good foundation and light enough to avoid all thought of bulk. Using the cardboard as a mat and mounting the picture from the back gives a feeling that it is more completely framed than when it is simply pasted on. To make them strong and yet easily carried, another cardboard, lighter in quality, is pasted to the back. This keeps the picture firmly placed, and also affords complete protection. A small brass ring or piece of tape is pasted to the back, which makes it possible to hang it anywhere. A small pocket, containing a library card with name of picture and number, is also pasted on the back. This makes the library part of it quite as simple as that applied to the management of books. The name of the picture and artist is placed in the lower left hand corner of the mat. On the back, in another pocket, should be found a concise, typewritten account of the life of the artist and a description of the picture, to assist to a more perfect appreciation of the value of the picture. The picture is then encased in a stout manilla envelope, which serves as a protection in carrying. In this manner all the requirements of beauty, use and expense are met and mastered." And, it may be added, these may be secured at very small expense. Outside the cost of the picture, which may be more or less as is desired, the total cost of mounting according to the plan suggested would be about five cents each. If reproductions from magazines are used, a very good collection can be secured at almost nominal cost. As to choice of subjects, the writer in *Public Libraries* suggests: "Speaking from my limited experience, the pictures which seem best adapted for traveling libraries I will class under three heads: religious, landscape and genre. The Madonna of the Choir and the Sistine, by Raphael; Simeon and the Infant Christ, by Fra Bartolommeo; Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Hofmann; the Immaculate Conception and the Magdalene, by Murillo; the Mater Dolorosa, by Reni, and

Carlo Dolce. In the pictures I have named you will find there is no chance for thought distraction through minor details. Under the division of landscapes and marines would come those by Corot, Rousseau, Turner and Inness. I would also add those which would properly be classed as animal painters, such as the work of Rosa Bonheur and Troyon. Such pictures as *Alone in the World*, by Israels; *The Gleaners and The Angelus*, by Millet, and those of Dupré, suggest the class known as *genre*. These few are not intended as a limited list for a library; far from it. They simply suggest the class of pictures which my experience has led me to believe should, to a large extent, compose a traveling library of pictures."

IOWA.... The success of the Library Association of West Union is a source of just pride to the town, and should be an inspiration to other club women undertaking such work. That association was organized in May, 1895, at the suggestion of the Tourist Club, of West Union. Public entertainments were given which were generously patronized, and a room was opened in September with 700 volumes, ten magazines and six leading daily newspapers. The library has grown steadily since its organization, both in number of volumes and public appreciation. Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson is President of the Association, Mrs. Sara C. Owens, Secretary, and Mrs. Sabra C. Wright, Treasurer.

NEBRASKA..... The midsummer meeting of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs is one of those graceful innovations in club life, which has a peculiar charm. Weighty subjects are not attempted and the program is composed of music, poetry, art talks, and bright speeches that are in harmony with cool dresses, fans, flowers and ices. Mrs. S. C. Langworthy, President of the History and Art Club of Seward, was the originator of the idea of holding a midsummer meeting. She was the first Secretary of the Federation and very enthusiastic, and felt that such a meeting would not only be pleasant and profitable, but might be the means of extending the club idea among the many who always gather at the Chautauqua assemblies. Her suggestion was endorsed by other members of the executive board of the Federation and negotiations were opened with the management of the Crete Chautauqua for a club day. The management after some hesitation, decided to give the clubs one hour. The ladies improved the time allotted them

most thoroughly. Bright extemporaneous speeches were made by Mrs. Heller and Mrs. Towne, of Omaha, setting forth the meaning of the club movement and its ultimate object, in such an attractive manner that the management were charmed, and came forward and expressed their admiration of the Federation and its aims, graciously offering the ladies a whole day for their exercises the following year. After the session the ladies of Crete entertained all visiting club women most delightfully. Thus it was that the midsummer meeting of the Nebraska Federation became an established fact. This year the Beatrice Chautauqua was first with its invitation to the Federation and kindly set apart the 27th of June as Woman's day. It was a success in every particular. Through the courtesy of the superintendent, Dr. W. L. Davidson, the ladies were made to feel that the Chautauqua management extended to them the right hand of fellowship, and that they were cordially welcome. The program was appropriate to the season and occasion. Music, poetry, literature and art, with discussions on Social Unrest went to make up the program. The floral decorations, which were especially beautiful, were arranged by the art department of the Beatrice Women's Club. The ladies of Beatrice were extremely hospitable and served a dainty luncheon to visiting clubs at the Frances Willard Hall.—*Mrs. D. C. McKillip.*

WASHINGTON. The first annual meeting of the Washington State Federation of Women's Clubs, held in Olympia, June 22-3, was a most pleasant and profitable occasion. Never did guests receive a more cordial welcome than was given the delegates and visitors, not only by the club women but by Olympia. The chief aim of the federation is education. As a means to this end the Aloha Club of Tacoma has generously given money for the nucleus of a state library which shall contain the best and latest works of great thinkers, and to which all clubs shall have access. To Mrs. Ella K. Parsons, President of Aloha, is due much praise and credit for this practical demonstration of her deep interest in what will best serve the need of the federation. A Reciprocity Bureau has already been started and much more good work in embryo. The next meeting of the W. S. F. W. C. will be held at Spokane in June, 1908.—*Jennie Simpson-Moore.*

LIBRARIES AND ALTRUISTIC WORK.

The keynote has been sounded and the women's clubs have become a part of the harmony of the educational movement of our country. By contact and association with one another we become impressed with the thought of the com-

munity, and by the inexorable law of evolution become impregnated with the ideas of a broader humanity. The weak ones gather strength from the strong, the strong are impelled by sympathy to protect the weak.

Shakespeare tells us "There is no darkness but ignorance," and the women's clubs of the country have awakened to the needs of the hour. In every little village and hamlet, as well as in our large cities, where a woman's club has existed for a time, we find the circulating library and free reading-room. Here lies the common source of mental transformation. One of America's leading librarians, in a back number of the *Arena*, says, "The philosophers and thinkers long since organized and called attention to the fact that in the struggle for profit and position, the finer consciousness and value of an individual life were lowered and the elements of happiness, pleasure and amusements were dimmed and every institution capable of adding to such a fund should be fostered and encouraged to its fullest capacity. The dignity and power of books in the concrete is a lever to move the mass."

Our libraries are selected with care, giving to the growing generation humanity's best experiences. As we come face to face with the best of all ages our minds expand, the environments of our lives are forgotten and new hopes and aspirations are given us through the medium of books.

The members of women's clubs have learned that "in union there is strength"; that every unit that acts with an earnest motive for the improvement of humanity contributes a certain impulse to the liberation of the world-mind; that progress is only made in proportion to the growth of individual parts.

In some localities clubs have been formed for factory girls, where papers are prepared and read, practical teaching is given, the best and most economic methods of household duties are taught, and the highest ideals are developed. One in turn helps another, and the good accomplished reaches toward infinity. We need more clubs of this nature. In almost every community are some who are desirous of enriching their barren lives. Awakened souls cannot be selfish, and our brightest and best club women, who have dared break the customs and habits of centuries and step out of self-indulgence, giving to humanity of the light which they have received, are real world-builders, and have awakened to consciousness of their power and to knowledge of the harmony of their work with the Creator's purpose, as evolved by soul movements running through the ages.—*Eunice Pond Athey.*

HOME THEMES.

THE PRESENT.

An atom of time in the Infinite—
A drop in the flood of years,
Yet potent it is for good or ill,
For laughter or bitter tears.
Life-long remorse for a reckless act
That a thought would have kept undone,
Broken or kept the laws of right,—
And Joy is lost or won. *Cora S. Day.*

PRAIRIE HARRY.

My teacher ses that the world is round,
An' I guess he's ben all over, and found.
'Bout all there is to see, an' he ses
There's awful high mountains an' big, big, seas,
An' southern lands where it's always hot,
An' northern countries where summer is not;
An' he ses there's lots o' boys that play
All over the world in jest my way.
But spite of all that he's been to see,
He said, after school, he kind o' liked me.
I said, "Come off!" but he said, "Come Harry,"
Then he walked with me an' my dog on the prairie.

I told him right out, jest what I thought,
An' he listened well, as he ses I ought.
I said it was tough on other boys
Not to have any chance at prairie joys.
He ses, "How so?" an' I ses, "Great Scott!
I would jest like to know what they have got
To touch jest a common, ordinary
Boy an' his dog, when they play on the prairie!
Now a southern boy don't have a show,
For what can he do without any snow?
Up north you say it's always so cold
That the flowers and grass can't half get hold;
The mountain boys must scramble and climb,
So their play's like workin' most of the time.
They can't be happy,—at least, not very,
Like me an' my dog, at play on the prairie."
The teacher laughed, an' I said, "Now what?"
An' he said, "I'll tell you the very spot
Where there is always a happy boy
With bright, frank eyes, and a heart full of joy."
I said, "Where's that?" but didn't much care,
Till he pointed at me, an' said, "Right there!"
His eyes began to look soft like ma's;
I didn't know jest what he meant, because
I felt ashamed, like a girl, or a duffer.
I heard Dick barkin' away at a gopher.
Somehow it seemed kind o' necessary
To run away to my dog on the prairie.

James Clarence Jones.

HEREDITARY IMPRINTS.

We have the greatest respect for those who can discuss learnedly the grand theme of "cause and effect." We gaze with unfeigned admiration upon one who can tell at a glance whether a sharp-pointed nose and a square chin are danger or safety signals.

The progress of science is fairly appalling. The *why* of things is absolutely keeping pace with the *what* is it? Meanwhile, we stand apart—sidetracked as it were—and take note of events, mentally calculating what will be the effect of this rushing torrent of discovery upon the being who is to be the most influenced by it,—namely, man.

A few years since it might have been said of a person that "he prayed to the Lord—if there was any—to save his soul—if he had any." Not so to-day; assurance has supplanted doubt, and even the merest stripling *knows*.

In vocal music there is a pretty theory—not yet exploded—that harmony and melody are inseparably united with sweet and elevated thought; that the warble of a sky-lark could not be successfully imitated by a singer whose face was contracted by a frown. In other words, that the "divine art" is the language of the soul.

This is "woman's age," and we believe in reciprocity, consequently we shall hold neither Eve nor Pandora responsible for all the ills of this world. The former was undoubtedly Adam's "catpaw," the power of moral discrimination being the "chestnuts" secured by her from the Edenic oven. No, no; whatever of blame attaches itself to the so-called "fall of man" must be shared equally by the participants in the wrong.

It will be admitted that there are physiognomies which would seem to baffle the remedial skill of the best facial specialists, and it has become a popular pastime to estimate characteristics and capabilities by certain peculiarities of mouth or brow, some masterful feature forming the basis for conclusions.

We forget that through the trick of hereditary mimicry one may fall heir to the physical defects of an ancestor ten generations distant. This illustrious forefather may have distorted his originally good face by a life of indulgence in selfishness and petty tyrannies, which transformed nature's work into a hard-lined, grim-visaged despot. He and his were long since forgotten, when suddenly there appears upon this earthly stage—his counterpart.

The influences surrounding this specimen may differ totally from those of his predecessor; and, when the modifying effect of environment completes its mission upon this modern reproduction, the result may show a veritably new and unique creation.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," and too much may drive us mad. Let us not "add insult to injury" by labeling everything at sight. Give the slanting forehead and the receding chin a chance to "work out their own salvation."

"A thing of beauty" is truly "a joy forever," if envy, hatred, malice and other character-killing agencies do not mar and frustrate the generous designs of God.

There is a sweet compensatory law embodied in the adage that we receive "smiles for smiles and frowns for frowns." No face—be it ever so ugly—can withstand the beautifying influences of an amiable and upright disposition, and the plainest countenances have been literally glorified thereby. *Maria Weed.*

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

COLONEL HATRY'S WAR PAPER, "A FATAL CAMPAIGN," UNDER FIRE.

While lounging under the palm and orange trees, I turn to the back numbers of *THE MIDLAND* and refresh myself with a sip here and there from its bracing contents.

It is invigorating with the ozone of the great Northwest. In these lotus-eating days I have especial and personal reasons to be thankful that, at last, such a magazine exists; the embodiment of Western thought and spirit — heretofore somewhat timid in face of the culture of the East — and so I read and re-read in the sunshine of this hazy clime in these lazy days.

Like many of the Midland boys of '61, now alas! old, lame and gray, I turn first to that portion relating to our Union soldiers' adventures in the Civil War. I was one of them, and heard their strong tread in many states, and their brave shouts on many battle-fields, and the recital of their deeds always interests me if well and truthfully given. Their work was done so well that literal truth is sufficient eulogy. Official records are full enough to keep any writer within the lines of veracity, even if he but use scant diligence. It seems unnecessary, with so much actual recorded history everywhere at hand, that vanity or fancy should attempt to disguise itself under an air of truth-telling. Such efforts obscure the real achievements, and deform the real heroes of that heroic age.

I am led to pen these lines upon reviewing an article in the September *MIDLAND*, asserted to be history and christened "A Fatal Campaign." Why the glorious battles of Franklin and Nashville, so replete with real heroism and so well reported and preserved in plentiful records, should be so obscured by flights of imagination, I cannot conceive.

I protest against history being so garbled and assert it to be an unnecessary infliction, and a perversion of facts easily accessible; and here and now, without books or records at hand, presume to take a few samples from the mass to justify my protest.

1. It is not true as alleged that General Bragg "was then in command of all the Western armies of the Confederacy."

2. Neither is it true that Cleburn's first battle in the West was Richmond, Kentucky. He commanded the heaviest losing Confederate brigade at Shiloh before that time and his own report is of record.

3. It is not true that it was necessary to accept battle at Franklin because of time needed to construct a pontoon bridge. The opposite was true, for no

pontoon train or bridge was there as expected, and none was laid down or used. The delay was for want of it and other and slower means of crossing were used, as the record of that time fully sets forth.

4. On page 234 the author states that Generals Scott, Quarles, Strahl, Gist, Cockerell and Manigault were killed. Only Gist and Strahl of this list lost their lives. Cockerell is now United States Senator from Missouri. Two-thirds, then, of this gruesome picture, alleged statement of historic facts, must be eliminated to get a residuum of truth.

5. Closely follow the assumed realistic and thrilling details to the purport that General Carter was a son of the owner of the famous Carter House on that field, and that he was mortally wounded and was found by his sister on the battle-field, and died in sight of his own door. This is all very dramatic and is true except for the trifling facts that General Carter was not a son of the owner of such house, was not mortally wounded there or elsewhere, and was not found dead in sight of anybody's door on that or any other battle-field by his own or anyone else's sister. These harrowing details are followed by an approved quotation from the letter of an ex-Confederate captain, who "even unto this day" enjoys the local privilege of being so situated that he can cast a fiery glance from his eagle eye over the burial place of *thirteen* Confederate generals, all "killed" at Franklin! Since only five were so killed or mortally wounded altogether, eight-thirteenths of this pathetic story must be considered only brevet history. Max Adler describes several coroners in adjoining counties holding separate inquests upon different fragments of the individual widely dispersed by explosives. Possibly the Confederates followed this somewhat molecular plan in the burial of their generals!

I will only add that ample documents found in our war records give the name of every officer killed or wounded who, on that occasion, commanded a regiment or a greater organization.

So far I have only adverted to a few of the numerous instances in which the author has perverted historic details of importance. With the astounding omissions in what purports to be a full history, I will not now deal. It is not, perhaps, of great importance that General Bate, who signed so many reports and is now a United States Senator, should, in his old age, be persistently called "Bates." It is a little misleading at this late day to write of General Shelly as "Shelby," and Shy's

Hill as "Shay's Hill." Such errors are minor, but characteristic.

I will further add that I do not easily digest the claim that the right regiment of a brigade all located to the right of the Columbia Pike, had any sure thing in killing General Pat Cleburn, who commanded a rebel division all to the left of that road. Some thousands of keen-eyed "Yanks" must have been nearer that fated spot, all trying to do some killing.

There are some portions of the article in question which I do not feel able to wrestle with in this enervating climate.

I quail before the terrific rhetoric which states that "I was pitted against Cleburn in three fierce battles."

I fairly lie down before the assertion that "I again fought him at Chickamauga and defeated him." This is awful for a line officer, and I will leave to those heroes of high and low degree who claim to have helped there, to settle just who did it. It is pathetic to think that poor Cleburn finally died before he found out just exactly whom to blame for all his misfortunes.

L. B. CROOKER.

Dayton, Fla.

JOHN BROWN'S WIDOW IN IOWA IN THE FIFTIES.

I have read with great interest "John Brown and His Iowa Friends." It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that Mrs. Brown, the widow of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, resided near Decorah, Iowa, in 1855-6 or 1856-7. A subscription was taken up to enable her to get on her way to California, my father subscribing with several others.

M. J. CARTER.

Ossian, Iowa.

MRS. WILLIAMSON FINDS OTHERS.

I have just been reading, with pleasure, Mrs. James S. Clarkson's article on "Evolution of the Politics of Iowa," in *THE MIDLAND* for July, and it occurs to me that, besides the illustrious names mentioned by her, a long list of others equally well known might be added. There is no State in the Union that recognizes talent and fosters it more than Iowa does; so it is not surprising that many of her citizens have done work worthy of national recognition. Among the first to call attention to the wealth of fossils found in the Carboniferous beds of Iowa was Charles A. White, for many years in the United States Geological Survey. Another Burlington man was Charles Wachsmuth, whose collection and study of the fossil crinoids found in the now famous Burlington and Keokuk groups, called Prof. Louis Agassiz on a visit to Iowa to see and afterwards purchase them. I understand that Mr. Wachsmuth's work on crinoids has been published since his death. Wm. T. Hornaday on the staff of the United States National Museum, was formerly from Iowa. Prof. Samuel Calvin, one of the editors of *The American Geologist*, is now State Geologist of Iowa. Among writers, Mrs. Margaret Collier-Graham, whose short stories are widely known under the title, "Stories from the Foot-hills," was formerly a Keokuk girl, and Eugene Ware, the now famous Kansas poet, was a Burlington boy, I think at one time on the *Hawkeye*. And Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, gave the *Hawkeye* a national reputation when he was one of its editors.

There are many, many more Iowans who might be added to this list.

MARTHA BURTON WILLIAMSON.
University, Los Angeles, Cal., July 10, '97.



UNBELIEF.

IF ONE had told us that beneath our feet
There waits a world of beauty, all unseen;
Fair lily-cups with unspilled fragrance sweet
Unsoiled by the dark mold to which they lean;
If one had said the roses, fresh with dew,
Would of their long, deep sleep no traces bring,
And we had never seen them rise anew,
Would we believe the mystery of Spring?

Beth Day.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"This monument doth not make thee famous,
but thou makest this monument famous."

THE erection of a monument to the memory of a public man in a public place is an event full of significance. A monument embodies a community's deliberate after-judgment, and its sense of gratitude. Chicago has done well to thus honor the memory of John A. Logan, for this man was during the heroic epoch of our country's history a veritable tower of strength to President Lincoln and to the Union cause. The whole country was deeply interested in the event of the 22d of July. And well it might be, for our debt of gratitude to the soldier-statesman whose memory was then signally honored, cannot be measured. Had Southern Illinois heard a different trumpet-call, in '61, from that which this man sounded, who can tell when, or how, the War of the Rebellion would have ended! Grant knew the value of his services in that crisis. In his Memoirs he says:

Logan's popularity in his district was unbounded. As he went in politics, so his district was sure to go. . . . Logan [a democrat] was not a man to be coerced into an utterance by threats. . . .

Logan followed [McClelland, in an address before Grant's regiment,] in a speech which he has hardly equaled since for force and eloquence. It breathed a loyalty and devotion to the Union which inspired my men to such a point that they would have volunteered to remain in the army as long as an enemy of the country continued to bear arms against it.

The clarion voice of this popular leader of the Illinois democracy rang from one end of the state to the other, and thousands who were at first disposed to allow the seceding states to "depart in peace" responded to Logan's irresistible plea for the preservation of the Union.

SCARCELY less, perhaps more, important was the service rendered by John A. Logan in the dark days of '64. The re-election of Lincoln was not a mere party question. It involved nothing less than the life of the nation. The issue was "a vigorous prosecution of the war"; or "peace at any price." Events were culminating about Atlanta. Logan had

shown his courage and worth on many battle-fields and was in direct line of promotion. In the midst of his preparations for the greater events which were sure to follow, and for which he had waited with a soldier's eagerness, came a cry for help from the Union men of Southern Illinois. President Lincoln heard the cry and urged the eloquent Logan to go home to his own district and rally the wavering to his support. The President's wish was to Logan a command and a few days afterward the hero of the hustings was moving from town to town, personally and from the stump exhorting his friends and former constituents to rally to the support of the President. His mission successful, he hastened back to his men, joining them at Savannah. Meantime the great events which he had foreseen, and in which he would have participated, had transpired.

BUT let us not allow Logan's services as an orator to overshadow his career as a soldier. The Sumter incident found the young congressman in Washington. Though not an enlisted man, he obtained a musket and fought as a private soldier in the Battle of Bull Run. It is said that he was one of the last to leave that disastrous field. Returning home, in two weeks' time he had a regiment of men enlisted for the war. Two months later, he led his men into the Battle of Belmont and had a horse shot under him. He made himself part of the history of Henry and of Donelson. At Donelson he was wounded three times, but would not dismount until reinforcements came. He rode with Halleck against Corinth in '62. The democrats of his district asked him to run for congress, but he informed them he proposed to remain in the army until the last armed foe had surrendered. He took part in Grant's winter campaign in Northern Mississippi in '62 and '63. Now a major-general, he was conspicuous at Vicksburg and at Port Hud-



GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

son. His division alone won the Battle of Raymond. To him was entrusted the charge of following the explosion of the mine at Vicksburg, and when Grant entered the city, to his division was accorded the post of honor. He succeeded Sherman as commander of the 15th Corps and in the great climax of the spring of '64, he led the advance on Chattanooga. At the battle of Dallas, he was shot through the arm. He did some brilliant fighting during the assaults made by Hood upon McPherson. On the death of McPherson, he assumed command. His presence everywhere aroused the men to new enthusiasm. Under his leadership his men captured eighteen stands of colors and 5,000 small arms, and the Confederate loss was over 12,000.

General Porter, in his July *Century* instalment of "Campaigning with Grant," brings out the finer side of this man's nature. In brief, General Grant, impatient at Thomas's long delay in attack-

ing Hood, finally sent Logan to Nashville with orders to take command; but should he find that Thomas had already moved, he was not to act. Logan proceeded as far as Louisville when he heard the news of Thomas's first day's fight. He promptly wired his chief:

People here jubilant over Thomas's success. Confidence seems to be restored. . . . All things going right. It would seem best that I return to join my command with Sherman.

Of General Sherman's course in taking an officer from another army—General Howard—to supersede General Logan, through want of confidence in the ability of a man who had not received a military education to command an army in an emergency, we cannot do better than quote again from Grant's Memoirs:

Logan ended the [Vicksburg] campaign fitted to command independent armies. . . . I can bear testimony, from personal observation, that he had proved himself fully equal to all the lower positions which he had occupied as a soldier. I will not pretend to question the motive which actuated Sherman in taking an officer from another army to supersede General Logan. I have no doubt, whatever, that he did this for what he considered would be to the good of the service, which was more important than that the personal feelings of any individual should not be aggrieved; though I doubt whether he had an officer with him who could have filled the place as Logan would have done.

AFTER the war ended, General Logan was among the first to resign, declaring that he would not draw pay when not in active duty. His after career, as a lawyer in Chicago and as senator for the state he had so faithfully and successfully served, his candidacy for the presidential nomination and for the vice-presidency, are vividly recalled by many. There is little doubt but that, like James G. Blaine, his political defeat shortened his life. Successful in everything else he had undertaken, his proud spirit

broke when, in the fall of '84, he awoke to a realization of the fact that he had reached the end of his political career with his political ambition unsatisfied. His defeat was the more humiliating because a second place had been denied him when he had aspired to fill the first place in the gift of the people.

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GENERAL LOGAN's personality was very marked. Though of medium height, his large head and broad shoulders made him appear of almost herculean proportions when seated on horseback. His long black hair, swarthy complexion and large black eyes suggested some all-conquering Moor of old romance. His fierce mustache and wide-rimmed soft hat suggested a highly idealized "wild western" hero. Two pictures of Logan come to the front of the writer's memory, crowding out the rest: one, the soldier, as he rode at the head of his corps on the second day of the Grand Review; the other, as the convention debater, facing the hooting, howling galleries in the republican national convention of 1880. Like some knight of old entering a conquered city, rode this soldierly man at the head of the troops he had led to battle. In all that army there was not one who seemed to so completely combine iron will and strength to execute. There was conscious power in his look, as there was comradeship in his manner. Sixteen years later, he entered the national convention at Chicago the avowed champion of his old commander, Grant, and defender of the old-time unit rule, and of a third term for the ex-President. As chairman of the committee on rules, he fought for the retention of the unit rule with all the tenacity with which at Donelson he had retained his seat in the saddle after a wound in one arm and two wounds in the thigh had admonished him that his place was no longer at the front. For whole days he continued the fight, first in committee and then on the floor of the convention. At times the right of free speech was denied him by the hooting galleries; but there he stood, grimly smiling or fiercely

frowning, patiently waiting for a hearing. The mob would finally wear itself out and he would resume his labored argument. There was only an occasional outburst of that eloquence which had made him famous; but there was all that stubborn, unyielding persistency which, later, drew from his old commander expressions of belief that Logan was "fitted to command independent armies"; and from the man against whose nomination he so valiantly fought in that convention such words as these:

General Logan was a man of immense force in a legislative body. His will was unbending; his courage, both moral and physical, was of the highest order. I never knew a more fearless man. He did not quail before public opinion more than he did before the guns of the enemy when he headed a charge of his enthusiastic troops. In debate he was aggressive and effective. . . . While there have been more illustrious military leaders in legislative halls, there has, I think, been no man in this country who has combined the two careers in so eminent a degree as General Logan.

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"THE CHAUTAUQUA" long since outgrew the point of land on Chautauqua Lake which gave it its name. It is become an institution. It is the shrewdest device for combining pleasure with profit, rest and recreation with instruction, that was ever thought out and worked out. The men and women who have developed the Chautauqua idea from that first inspiration of Bishop Vincent and Doctor Flood, are, along with these worthies, public benefactors the full measure of whose public service cannot now be taken without raising suspicion of exaggeration. The Chautauqua idea finds its most hospitable home among that great aggregation of thinking, reading, hard-working, pleasure-loving people now designated as "The Middle-West." It admirably fits the bent of their minds. With no money to burn or throw away, with a desire to know as well as enjoy, and with an ambition to grow intellectually and morally as the community life has grown in population and material resources, the masses of this midland region are wasting no time sighing over the remoteness of Europe and the East; they are sensibly planning from year to year for summer vacations at home, for these summer outings for the mind and soul.

No more encouraging and inspiring sight greets the eye in summer-time than these Chautauqua assemblies, thousands of people gathered in "God's first temples," alternating "from toil to rest," and finding joy in every change. The Chautauqua movement has developed once more the good old taste for lectures, and the large number of local Chautauquas and the liberal patronage accorded them together enable thousands to enjoy many of the great moving minds of the time, and under circumstances favorable to the development of the best there is in such minds. The healthful stimulus of a Chautauqua outing is felt and seen throughout the remaining fifty weeks of the year. Under the influence of the Chautauqua assemblies in summer and literary and ethical club-work the rest of the year, the Middle-West is rapidly and grandly supplementing its marvelous achievements in the material world.

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THE presentation of silver service by the state of Iowa to her namesake, the battle-ship Iowa on the 10th of July, occurred at Newport, and not at Philadelphia as stated in the editor's note on page 105. Governor Drake was prevented, by injuries received from a fall, from attending and delivering the presentation address. State Auditor McCarthy represented the State and read the Governor's address, to which Captain Sampson responded.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Miss Helen Frances Clute, winner of the Original Story prize in this magazine's April Competition,—which story appears in the present number,—has for the past two years been principal of the

high school in Bozeman, Montana. She was born in New York. When three years old she came with her parents to Montezuma, Iowa. She graduated from the State Normal School at Cedar Falls in 1891, and after teaching in the high school at Cedar Falls, and later in Atlantic, she received the call to Bozeman,—which led to "The Vagrant of Caser Mine."

The Original Poetry prize in this magazine's July Competition was awarded to "Song," by Mrs. B. H. Smith, of Chattanooga, Tenn. The poem will appear in the September MIDLAND.

Miss Bertha May Booth, of Anamosa, and Mr. Will T. Brewer, Professor of English in the State College, Bozeman, Montana, both contributors to the MIDLAND, were recently married.

Jean Ingelow has long been little more than a pleasant memory of one who once wrote poetry and stories that made men, women and children better and happier. She died in London, July 19, aged 67.

That sterling review—and more than a review—edited by Albert Shaw and a corps of able associates, and known throughout the world as the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*, has changed its title to the *American Monthly and Review of Reviews*. A good change, and one which will lead to the popular use of the name *American Monthly*, a name to which Editor Shaw is evidently not averse. The reader who wants all the news of the month, intelligent, world-including comment on the events of the month, a reproduction of the world's best caricature, the gist of the world's best periodical literature, with many valuable critical and suggestive papers besides, will find his wants admirably supplied by the *American Monthly*.

Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*, has been appointed consul to Hong-Kong. Mr. Wildman has had extended experience as consul, at Singapore and at Barmen. This appointment opens a new field for his brilliant literary abilities.

MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

About two years ago, Professor Frederic Starr, Chicago University, remarked to me that Miss Mary Alicia Owen was one of the best authorities on Indian folk-lore in the United States. Her very accurate knowledge of Indian manners, customs and religions gives an untold valuation to her latest story, "The Daughter of Allonette";†

*This review was delayed in consequence of a terrible accident to Mrs. Reid's youngest son.

† Methuen, London.

a story which deserves to rank next to Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona". It is less pessimistic in its tone than "Ramona," and, the story not being written for any avowed ethical purpose, the moral which it teaches is simply nature's own. Miss Owen has been an honored guest among the Indians, being invited repeatedly to their councils and dances, sitting among the honored women of the tribes, and learning from them the symbolical meaning of their bead-work and painting. Her interpretations in "The Daughter of Allonette"

of some of the finer phases of Indian character are remarkable, and show not alone an insight into Indian life, but a sympathy therewith. Few American women could so unlearn the instincts of the Aryan race as to write the wonderful description of the Cora Dance,—"a dance to the glory of the great God, the Creator of all things, Dweller in the Sun, the Beneficent one, the Awakener of the Seed, the Giver of the Harvest." The love scenes in the Indian chief Mohuska's wooing are descriptive of very quaint and pretty Indian customs. The scene of this story is laid on the frontiers of Missouri, in the path of the gold-seekers, and the date is 1849, the year which "had bitten itself into history like an acid, had charred and shriveled and blinded as if the Furies themselves had flung it into the face of humanity."

The Indian types are chiseled with sharp, clean strokes, as if the author were familiar with every feature, and every individual and ancestral characteristic of the "quiet Pawnees, the agile Wyandottes, the fierce Kickapoos, the bashful Sacs and the proud Iowas."

A word must also be said for Parson Zone, the frontier Methodist minister. He belongs to a generation which will never be duplicated in this country, and is a far more accurate type of early Methodism than old Peter Cartwright, who represented the muscular rather than the spiritual side of Methodism.

It is probable that Ahola, the Queen of the Voodoos, is a character drawn from life, as Miss Owen is the only white woman in existence who has been initiated in the mysteries of voodooism.

Whether intentionally or unintentionally, Miss Owen has drawn the Indian as a higher type of manhood than the negro, and Tamininka, the heroine, is also superior to the negro in every household task except cooking. When Tamininka attempted to make waffles and doughnuts, Aunt Nancy would get flustered, go behind the flour-barrel "four different times and pray," "How long, O Lord, how long?"

One of Matthew Arnold's rare expressions, "A writer should portray the soft play of life, following and rendering the thing's very form and pressure," may be more aptly applied to the short stories of Octave Thanet than to those of any other American writer. Each story emanating from her pen is in itself a perfect study of human life and character, and is told with the neatness, brevity, and unconscious art of the master storyteller. No old types are recreated to annoy the penetrating reader with an unmistakable likeness to some other character gone before. Miss French does not repeat her types. Without proclaiming that such is her ambition, her instinct has led her to make a quiet quest after characters so unmistakably Western and Southern that no one may deny their absolute fidelity to real life. Neither do they exist within a small garden-spot, our author understanding human nature too well to linger always in the same tent. Amid the crowd of Ibsen's and Maeterlinck's disciples, who are dabbling in the mud of human depravity, and in all the idiosyncrasies which flesh is heir to, Octave Thanet smilingly stands. Her mind has had a different schooling, her view of life being sane, optimistic, altruistic. Only as a contrast to some noble character does she display the black thoughts of men. Few writers would have had either the courage or the penetration, in these unscrupulous times, to describe the career of such an honest public official as Amos Wickliff in "The Missionary Sheriff"; but Octave Thanet relies upon the righteousness and common sense of the American people, one of her favorite expressions being, "And may it be accounted unto them for righteousness." As Harry Lossing is the central figure in "The Stories of a Western Town," so Amos Wickliff, the missionary sheriff, is the controlling force in Miss French's latest book. He is another typical Western man; plain, honest, shrewd, humane; a public officer who is as hard

as iron in his dealings with the real criminal, but is ever on the alert to pluck the innocent, the unfortunate, the imprudent and the insane out of the prison cell. The stories in "The Missionary Sheriff" are told with even more pathos and humor than "The Stories of a Western Town," and the life-problems which Amos Wickliff has to solve on the spur of the moment are far more complex than those which puzzled Harry Lossing or Horatio Armorer. Duty, to Amos Wickliff, is not a "blind trail." When humanity and duty conflict, he follows the nobler path of humanity. This is one of Miss French's life theories.

Few of Octave Thanet's stories have been written with a set purpose, but some of those which describe the terrible crime of lynching, the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, and the falsity of the detective's maxim, "Once a criminal always a criminal," have been written with an avowed purpose. This, however, in no wise detracts from the humor or finish of those stories. "The awful queer law" (the singular decisions) made in an ordinary magistrate's office; the irresponsible young reporter, willing to risk a man's life for the sake of getting in his paper the most thrilling account of an old woman's mysterious disappearance; the prosecuting attorney on his first term, bound to convict somebody, so that he may win his laurels; and that uneducated something called "public sentiment," which cuts down the innocent and guilty alike with the same relentless scythe,—all receive sharp thrusts from her humorous pen; thrusts which contain no poison, but indelibly mark the victim and his kind.

How well the missionary sheriff fills his position (even when encumbered with a tender heart towards all weak things) the reader will scarcely discover without perusing the book for himself,—so rare is this new type of a sheriff. If the State of Iowa really possesses such noble public men as Harry Lossing, the mayor, and Amos Wickliff, the sheriff, then, in the language of the detective in "His Duty," "Give me Iowa!" But alas for the faith of the initiated ones, who know that all Miss French's characters are blends, composites, and owe their existence to the combined virtues of a dozen or more individuals.

No daintier book has appeared for many a day than Adeline Knapp's "Upland Pastures," a description, to a certain extent, of California scenery, but including the whole of the upland pastures of the United States within its scope. One might fancy, from the tone of the "Upland Pastures," that the author had been transplanted back into one of the reposeful centuries, and had spent her days philosophizing and studying nature with Gilbert White, of Lebourne, so quaint and restful is this dainty book. The lessons taught by wake-robin, or "birth-rook," as our forefathers styled it; how the queer, witchy little plant called "scouring-rush" was, in the carboniferous age, a stately tree, purifying the atmosphere and making it fit to sustain animal life; how the bee changed the form of the lupin and other honey flowers; the sea-gulls giving lessons in aerial navigation to the steamer passengers on San Francisco Bay,—are a few of the themes treated of in the "Upland Pastures." But this is not all. The book is a beautiful illustration of the old Venetian style of printing and illuminating. The Roycroft Printing Shop, of which Mr. Elbert Hubbard is the master-printer, is striving to revive the taste for hand illuminations and for the old Venetian style of printing, when every printed book was a delight to the eye. Illuminated initial letters introduce every chapter and paragraph of the "Upland Pastures," and the marginal pictures in red ink and the hand flower painting greatly enhance its value. Mr. Elbert Hubbard is assisted by five women and a boy, so that the beautiful hand work done by the Roycroft Press is largely due to women. This edition of "Upland Pastures" is limited to 600 copies.

Mary J. Reid.

*Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.

The literature of the Middle-West has been permanently enriched by James Lane Allen's novel, "The Choir Invisible,"* The title is well chosen, from that one immortal poem of George Eliot in which are glorified the dead

"Who live again

In minds made better by their presence."

The story is a vivid picture of life and love in "the green wilderness of Kentucky" a hundred years ago. Its hero is John Gray, the first school-teacher in the first log school-house in Lexington. At the outlook we find the young man fascinated by a pretty piquant girl whom he is bent on marrying. A fortunate circumstance—to him at this time a tragedy—prevented the marriage; but only to open before him a greater soul-peril. A large-souled man may marry a small-souled woman and may live at peace with her and do his work, even though she does thwart him in myriad ways; but if such a one, remaining unmarried, really loves and that not wisely, fortunate is he if circumstance, or providence, or the superior virtue of noble womanhood, shall save him from eternal wreck. The noblest woman portrayed in recent literature is Mrs. Falconer, aunt of the girl John would have wedded. In every trying situation the true woman is revealed in her. From the first glimpse of her, in the garden, sunbonneted, rake in hand, her noble form making her homespun dress a thing of beauty, a faint color spread over her face; her small hand beautiful but hardened by work—from the first, the reader finds himself watching for her appearing and listening intently to her every word. Her delicate, unselfish protest against John's purpose to marry Amy, her niece, her almost motherly interest in the young man's character-growth, her dignified yet kind repression of John's fast-growing fondness for herself, her tenderness during his illness following the encounter with the panther, her defense of Amy from John's rude thought and speech, her brave farewell to all that seemed to her to be worth the living—her parting with John,—her after disappointment in John, her beautiful widowhood, her tender interest in John's eldest son, the sad satisfaction she found late in life, in the discovery that his heart's best love had not been unworthily bestowed—altogether present a picture which will live in memory long after Amy and Joseph are forgotten and even John becomes but a shadowy association with the heroine. Then there are the many side-lights thrown upon the character of Mrs. Falconer, as for example this:

He knew very well that the slightest word or glance of self-betrayal would bring on the im-

*The Macmillan Company, New York.

mediate severance of her relation with him; her wife-hood might be her martyrdom, but it was martyrdom inviolate.

And this:

Many a time before he had gone to her about other troubles, and always he had found her carrying the steady light of right-mindedness which had scattered his darkness and revealed his better pathway.

And again:

"Yes, . . . she holds in quietness her land of the spirit; but there are battle-fields in her nature that fill me with awe by their silence. I'd hate to be the person to cause her any further trouble in this world."

And then there is that touching picture of the heart-sick John in the night-time, just before his departure, hovering about the cabin which held the one woman of the world to him:

The low window of the cabin was open and she was sitting there near the foot of her bed, perfectly still and looking out into the night. Her face rested in one palm, her elbow on the window sill. The only sleepless thing in all the peace of that summer night; the exquisite image of mated loneliness. He was so close that he could hear the loud regular breathing of a sleeper on the bed just inside the shadow. Once the breathing stopped abruptly; and a moment later, as though in reply to a command, he heard her say without turning her head, "I am coming." The voice was sweet and dutiful; but to an ear that could have divined everything, so dead worn away with weariness. Then he saw an arm put forth. Then he heard the shutter being fastened on the inside. . . . His discovery of her at the window that night had the effect of bidding him stand off; for he saw there the loyalty and sacredness of wifehood that, however full of suffering, at least asked for itself the privilege and the dignity of suffering unmolested.

RECEIVED.

Citizen Bird, Scenes from Bird-life in Plain English for Beginners, by Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Coues. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

On a Western Campus, by the Class of Ninety-eight, Iowa College, Grinnell. Illustrated. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

Saints, Sinners and Queer People, by Marie Edith Beynon. Robert Lewis Weed Company, New York.

An Expectant Heir of Millions, a novel, by Charles Macknight Sain. Robert Lewis Weed Co., publishers, New York. Partisan Politics, the Evil and the Remedy, by James Sayles Brown. J. P. Lippincott Co., Phila. 50 cents.

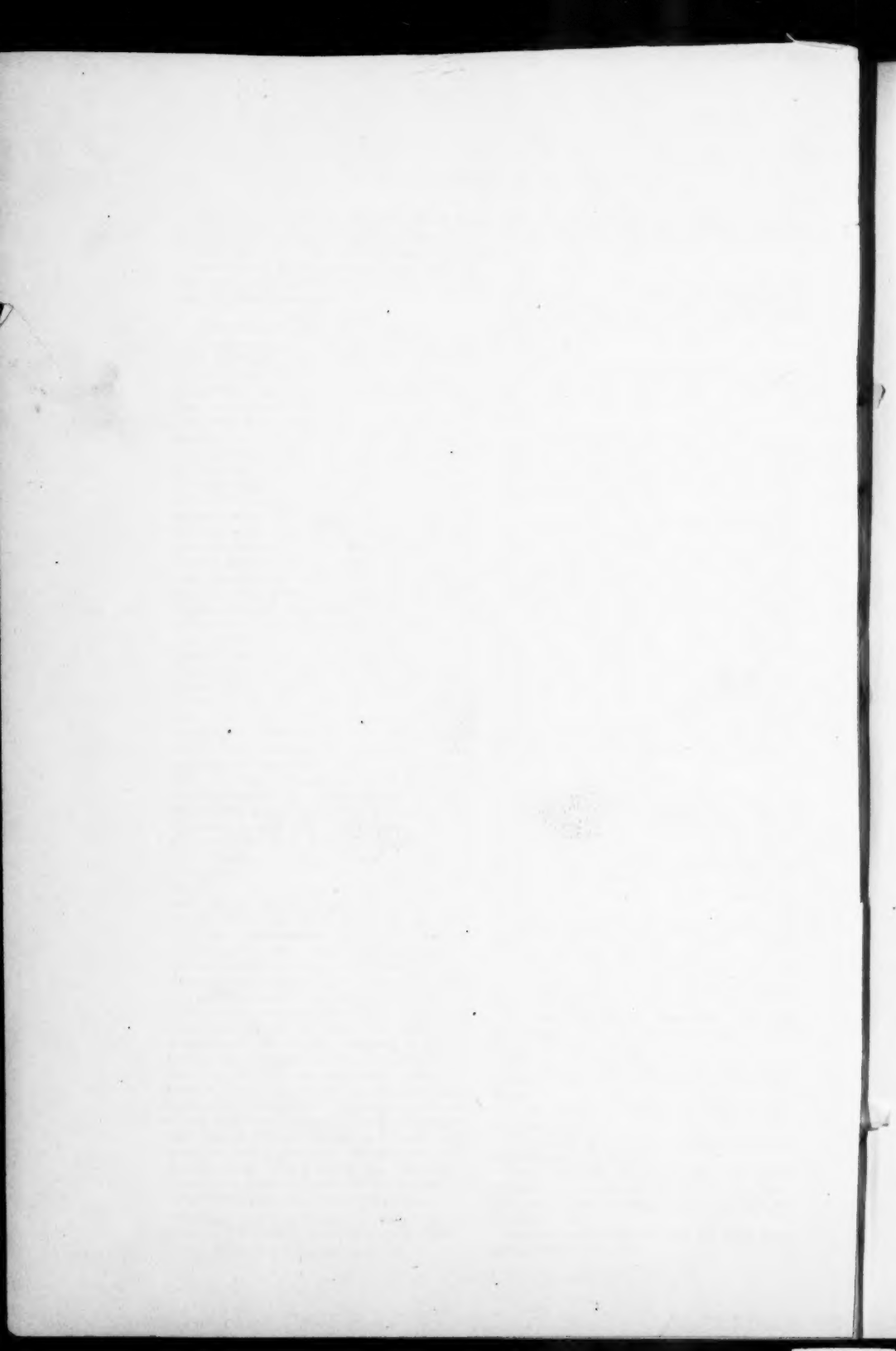
Rosemary and Pansies, by Eval Rue. Robert Lewis Weed Co., publishers, New York.

A Souvenir, by Adell G. Welch, Hawarden, Iowa.

May-Tide Lyrics, by Caleb Hansen, Sheboygan. 15 cents.

The Wisdom of Fools, by Margaret Deland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers, through L. B. Abdiil, Des Moines. \$1.25.

Sonnets and Other Verse, by Mrs. Isadore Baker, Iowa City.



THE EDUCATOR

is published monthly by Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa. The Educator contains detailed information relative to the 30 distinct courses of study offered by Highland Park College. If you are interested in any line of educational work, send for a free copy. "A Little Book" and a Complete Catalogue will be mailed free also, to any one interested. C. C. REARICK, Principal, Des Moines, Iowa.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

J. W. Harbourne, librarian of the Free Public Library, Alameda, Calif., follows Sacramento City's good example and orders THE MIDLAND MONTHLY from Vol. 1, No. 1, Jan., '94, to Jan., '98, and says the subscription will then be renewed. He adds: "I trust your efforts will meet with continued success in the publication of what I consider one of the leading magazines of this country."

A great attraction for 1898 will soon be announced. Arrangements are not far enough along as yet to warrant definite announcement. Suffice to say that THE MIDLAND MONTHLY'S course is and will be forward.

The July Competition Prize Poem will be published in the September MIDLAND.

The July Competition Prize Descriptive Paper will be announced in September and published in October.

The July Competition Prize Story Contest is now narrowed down to about nine stories. A very thorough examination of these survivals will be made during September, and the result will be announced in October.

The necessity of more thoroughness in the examination of MSS. submitted in THE MIDLAND'S popular Quarterly Competitions compelled the adoption of the present system by which one prize MSS. is announced every month and one prize MSS. is published every month. These public announcements may convey an impression that the MSS. entered are held till the announcement is made. Not necessarily so. As fast as the MSS. are returned to the publisher's office those of them that were accompanied by return postage are returned to their respective authors.

"The Vagrant of Caser Mine" will be concluded in the September MIDLAND.

Two Wisconsin story-writers have place in the September MIDLAND. Their stories, though entirely different in style, are both remarkably well told.

"Grant's Life in the West" will in September portray Grant the Citizen during that trying period just before the war, when St. Louis was the storm-center of discussion.

Several of the great free public libraries are subscribing for, and ordering the back numbers of, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

"Picturesque Hawaii" is the title of a beautifully illustrated paper for the September MIDLAND, by Carmen H. Austin, of Mexico.

First in the magazine field with views and description of the Yukon Valley Gold Fields of Alaska,—THE MIDLAND for September.

Mr. P. B. Weare, of the grain and provision firm of P. B. Weare & Co., one of the pioneer investigators of the Gold Fields of Alaska, has written authorizing the announcement that he will supply the editor of THE MIDLAND with views, maps, data, etc., for a September presentation of the new gold fields, with much valuable information to those interested in the new Eldorado.

The fast-increasing volume of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY'S business and editorial correspondence, including the delivery of many thousand magazines through the mails, necessitated a change in the location of the home office. Nearness to the printer was another consideration. THE MIDLAND'S business and editorial offices are now on the second floor of the Iowa Loan and Trust building, Des Moines, near the post-office, where its editor and publisher will be pleased to receive his friends and the magazine's patrons.

Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Cradock) finds a sympathetic biographer and interpreter in Prof. Wm. Baskervill, in the June Chautauquan.

A thrilling love story located in a mining town, by Letson Balliet, in the September MIDLAND.

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Publisher's Notes.—Continued.

TO TWENTY QUESTIONERS.—Notwithstanding previous warnings, many answers to our Twenty Questions came too late to be entered in our last month's competition. Invariably on the night of the 15th of the month the answers are examined, and the ten successful ones are named. To be twelve hours late is quite as bad as to be twelve days late. Twenty Questioners must better gauge the time required to carry their answers to Des Moines. Better be several days ahead of time, than take chances on the mails. Before us lies a well-written set of answers, sent from Lake Charles, La., on the 14th. It was received on the 17th. Another, from Seattle, Wash., was mailed on the 13th and arrived on the 17th. "I don't see why you couldn't enter them quite as well as to comment on their late arrival," some may say. Again we answer, this is *our* plan, not yours. When you set out to conform to another person's plan, the way to fail is to be a non-conformist. If you inwardly rebel against the arbitrariness of anyone's plan, then let it alone; don't conform in part and afterwards complain. Be assured there is a good common-sense reason for every detail of THE MIDLAND'S Twenty Question scheme. Should your experience in

these competitions teach you nothing more than the discipline of promptness, careful attention to details, and close conformity to requirements, it will have done you good service. But, as you yourself by this time are aware, the knowledge and experience you get in these monthly researches are worth infinitely more to you than the small prize offered could possibly be worth to you.

The Industrial World states that England has no rival in the manufacture of needles, having practically monopolized the needle trade. This is an error. There are more needles annually made in Aachen (Aix la Chapelle), Germany, than in all England. There are more than thirty needle factories in that city, and the annual output goes well up into the millions.

A Twenty Questioner asks if postage should be enclosed with the questions. We answer "No." Enclose nothing but a printed slip of the questions, pinned to your answers, and at the end of your answers give your name, age and postoffice address. The only postage requirement is that you put sufficient postage on the envelope; if not, your questions will not be entered with the rest.